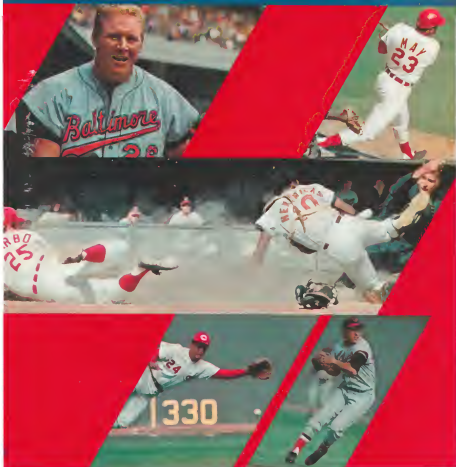


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Sports Illustrated

OCTOBER 19, 1970 60 CENTS

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PRO BASKETBALL celebrates its 25th anniversary with three new teams in last new division, prospects of a Milwaukee dynasty and pursuit of the finish of the merger

AL'S COMEBACK starts for real against Jerry Quarry and Mark Krut reports he may be a new, subdued Muhammad outside the ring, but is still the same accomplished boxer

POISONED FISH now swim our coastal waters in numbers that threaten both the species and human health. A new study sponsored by SI uncovers the growing pollutant hazard.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

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When the National Hockey League first expanded southward and westward, fans in the new cities tended to cheer themselves hoarse every time a forward went charging alone down the ice and to groan in despair when the solitary dash failed to result in a score. Meanwhile the exquisite stick-handling and pass patterns of teams like the old Montreal Canadiens went largely unnoticed.

There is a theory in this country that sophisticated appreciation of hockey varies in precise proportion to the distance of the rink from the Canadian border, and an attendant contention is that expansion has seriously adulterated the quality of the NHL game. Whether or not this is true, it is a fact that during the expansion years the kind of rough-and-tumble hockey played by the league champion Chicago Black Hawks and the Stanley Cup-winning Boston Bruins has generated far more excitement than the more delicately designed game played north of the border.

According to Mark Mulvey, who wrote the essay on the NHL beginning on page 28 and who assisted ex-Boston Coach Harry Sinden with the story that follows, there are very few fans out-

side of the Northern tier cities who really know what hockey is all about. "Most of them," says Mark, "just come hoping to cheer a bloodbath."

Mark himself was brought up in Boston, where hockey means more to the average schoolboy than any other sport. "When the pond at Wainwright Park froze over," he says, "we all played ice hockey. When the ice melted we played street hockey. And all year long we played hockey in our cellars at night. The guy who ran the drugstore on the corner near my family's place was a French-Canadian, and all he ever talked about was Jean Beliveau."

Naturally Mark was a Bruin fan, and that took a bit of doing in those days. "I never missed Fred Cusick's radio broadcasts, which started at 9:35 p.m.," he says, "and I saw about every third game at the Boston Garden."

This season Mulvey expects to see at least 50 games in person and another 20 or so on television. "And I'll listen to about 100 more," he adds.

Over the years Mulvey's interest has expanded to include virtually all other sports, and since coming to SI in 1965 he has covered a number of them for us, most notably baseball and golf. But of all kinds of athletes, says Mark, "hockey players are by far the best to interview after a game. There is something real about hockey players. Few of them have graduated from high school. Most of them moved away from home at the age of 12 or 13 and have spent their lives playing hockey. They all know what the hard working life is, and not a one of them can look you in the eye and tell a lie."

And all of them, like Mark Mulvey himself, truly love the game of hockey.



DEREK SANDERSON TALKS TO MULVEY

Dick Mulvey

San Juan. It never closes.

San Juan is alive.

At 10 P.M., when the rest of the Caribbean is ready to close, San Juan is starting to stir.

The psychedelic lights at the Hunca Munca are switched on for the night.

The showgirls of the Revue de Paris are just going to work.

The Hard Rock groups are rocking at the Caribe Bar.

The Flamenco dancers are warming up at the El Convento in old San Juan.

The singing waiters are hitting their stride at the Trattoria Portofino.

The ballerinas at the Tapia Theatre are half way through the first act.

Arabella's Attic is open.

The Borinquen songfest at the La Danza has begun.

It's night in San Juan.

And you want to see and hear and feel it all. But you know you can't. Not all in one night.

Come dawn, San Juan is as alive as San Juan by night. You won't live it lying around the hotel pool.

Drive to the top of El Yunque rain forest. The orchids are as wild and as free as the view.

Golf at Dorado Beach and pretend you're a pro. But watch out for the guy next to you, he may be.

Scuba dive in a world you've only seen in the movies.

Drive out to El Comandante racetrack. The sweetest racetrack in the world, where the surface is crushed sugar cane.

Take a picnic to a deserted offshore island in a sloop. Bring your best girl Friday.

Explore old San Juan.

Stand in the dungeons of San Cristobal and run your fingers along the prisoners' sketches on the wall. They were made in 1539.

Eat Langosta, bacalaitos, alcapurrias. Drink the specially light rum that only Puerto Rico makes.

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If this is the 1971 Beetle,



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then what's this?



The one on the left is a Beetle.
The one on the right is a Super Beetle.
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\$119.

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What do I get for more money?

The Super Beetle (on the right) is the most advanced Volkswagen ever. It offers nearly twice as much luggage space. A more elegant, fully carpeted interior. A smoother riding suspension system.

A shorter turning radius and improved brakes. (For the 84 other improvements, see your VW dealer.)

What do I get for less money?

The regular Beetle (on the left) offers what the 16 million Volkswagens sold so far have always offered. Probably the most sensible way of getting from place to place ever devised by man.

Do the two cars have anything in common?

Yes.

First off, there is a striking physical

resemblance between the two of them.

Second, they both boast new, more powerful engines made to last even longer than the famed VW engines of old.

Third, they are both backed by 25 years of small-car-making experience. In other words, you know what you're getting.

Is that supposed to be a dig at all the other new small cars that are being introduced for the first time this year?

No comment.



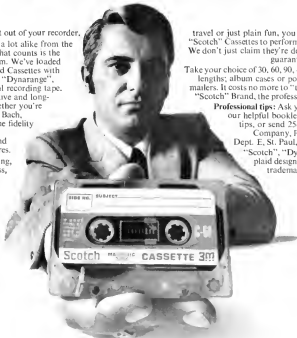
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Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



When John Dewar opened his shop he exemplified the virtues of the poor Scot of those days: grit, courage, thrift, plain living, honesty, a taste for hard work, and the vision to grasp a golden opportunity. For example, no one had yet dreamed of putting up Authentic Scotch Whisky in bottles. Here was an opportunity for John Dewar and he was quick to seize it. By the end of the century the annual output of Dewar's "White Label" had reached a million gallons.



The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" lie naked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquility. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
never varies**

The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

SIMPSON AND THE ROCKETS

The Ralph Simpson case (SCORECARD, Sept. 28) has been settled. The ABA, which originally refused to approve Simpson's contract because the Denver Rockets had signed him out of Michigan State when he still had two years of college eligibility remaining, gave the Rockets permission to keep Simpson, although it also fined Denver \$10,000 and took away its right to a first-round draft choice for the 1970-71 season. Nobody said so, but it would appear that the suit Simpson filed against Denver and the ABA, when Commissioner Jack Dolph refused to approve his contract, just might have had something to do with the ABA's decision.

Never mind. It is a judgment worthy of a Solomon, if more obvious. Simpson is happy, the Rockets are delighted, the league is no longer being sued, Commissioner Dolph is off the hook and—best of all, from the league's point of view—the ABA has Simpson and the NBA doesn't.

TV ALI

Resistance to the Muhammad Ali-Jerry Quarry fight is minimal in the area of theater television, according to Mike Malitz, who has the TV rights. Malitz says the fight will be televised into nearly 200 arenas and theaters around the country, including at least one such spot in every big city, and he happily anticipates a total theater-TV crowd approaching one million.

LITTLE TEN

Bill Reed, commissioner of the Big Ten, insists that the football teams in his conference are not weaker than when they were the best in the country, it's simply that teams in the other sections have finally caught up. However, at least two Big Ten coaches do not agree with Reed and argue that restrictive conference rules are responsible for the decline in football fortunes. One rule prohibits redshirting—keeping a surplus player on

the sidelines all season to give him an extra year of eligibility at the end of his college career. Indiana's John Pont says, "Four years ago I was dead set against redshirting. I no longer can feel that way. We have to be fair to our players, and in nonconference games they compete against teams who redshirt. I'd like to give our young men the same opportunity to win that our opponents have."

Duffy Daugherty of Michigan State says, "Our rules are too restrictive. We obey all the NCAA restrictions, plus more of our own. We're not allowed the liberal parts of the NCAA rules. There is no way we can compare favorably with Big Eight or Pacific Conference teams, which we play more than we do other conferences. Against the Big Eight, we've lost 16 of our last 18 games. They have 90 scholarships over a two-year period and the opportunity to redshirt young players for more maturity." The Big Ten permits 60 players over two years, and the only redshirts are injured players.

"Unless changes are made," Daugherty warns, "we're in for even more trouble in the future."

RELUCTANT

Last spring the ABA's Pittsburgh Condors (then called the Pipers) wrested 6' 7" Mike Maloy of Davidson away from the NBA by giving the 21-year-old basketball player a three-year, \$150,000 contract that included a no-cut provision for his first season (if the club drops him he still gets paid). But according to Pittsburgh Coach Jack McMahon, Maloy came to preseason practice "the fattest, worst-looking player I've ever seen." He has been so listless and indifferent in practice that General Manager Marty Blake last week fined him \$5,000, suspended him indefinitely and put him on the trading block. "I want Mike Maloy the great player, not Mike Maloy the fat kid," the general manager said. "I don't understand him, I don't know what

he wants. I can't tell him, you're our big man, forget everything."

Maloy's indifference seems to have begun at Davidson, which made him its first black athlete. In his final year there he exerted only minimum effort in the classroom, and after signing with Pittsburgh his behavior became even more erratic. He once disappeared from campus, skipping the team's awards banquet, and for weeks no one knew where he was, not even his parents. This summer, with bonus money from his professional contract in his pocket, he went to parties and had a lot of fun but did not touch a basketball.

For his part Maloy says he wants to play but doesn't know just when he'll be ready. "I'll decide whether I've let anyone down after the season ends," he says. "I'll get in shape and do my job." And Marty Blake asks, "When?"

HORSE'S MOUTH

Florida had summer racing this year for the first time, and horsemen were nervous about it because of Florida's notorious summer heat. Customers can sit in shady grandstands or find air-conditioned refuges, but horses have to perform out in the broiling sun. Some horses



suffer from anhydrosis, an ailment that prevents them from sweating. A horse unable to sweat when he works or races on very hot days is liable to drop dead.

One owner-trainer, John Klein, found a magic elixir to combat the problem. His Leo The Greek, a 4-year-old that had finished first only once in 38 tries, began to

continued

sweat beautifully and won two straight races after Klein took to giving him daily slugs of Canadian Club spiked with aspirin. Klein later came down a peg to PM, a more modestly priced brand, but the results were still oh so happy. The tripping is halted two days before Leo The Greek runs because of rules on medication in horses actually in a race, but the glow apparently remains.

"Leo spit out the first mouthful I gave him," says Klein, "but then he got to love it. Now he waits for me every morning and, so help me, he winks at me when he sees me coming down the shed row."

GENTLE BUON

Nick Buoniconti, the Miami Dolphin middle linebacker, feels that linebackers have gained an unfair "animal" image because of the supposed ferocity of their play. Buoniconti says the animal reputation comes from a variety of things, including colorful reporting. Mostly, however, it's because "the middle linebacker is like a catcher in baseball. He's in the middle of everything, and he has a tendency to be in on more tackles. Because he is isolated, the tackle that a middle linebacker makes often looks spectacular compared to one made by a defensive lineman. Because of his position, he makes tackles that make him look like he's demolishing somebody, and that leads people to think he's a madman."

ACE

Steve Fellos of Charlotte, N.C. is no threat to Jack Nicklaus and Billy Casper as a tournament golfer—his scores generally run in the 80s—but when it comes to hole-in-one contests Fellos leaves Nicklaus, Casper and everybody else far behind. He first won a hole-in-one competition in 1958 when he aced a 140-yarder. A year later he astonished his North Carolina neighbors by successfully defending his title with another hole in one. He sort of idled along for a few years after that until, as something of a celebrity, he was invited to hit the first ball at another contest. He missed with that first shot, took another—and dropped it into the cup. He turned to the stunned officials and asked them if they wanted him to hit any more. They mumbled yes, and he went back to work. He missed twice and then sank another ace, his second in four tries. He hit 11 more balls and left one of

them an inch and a half from the cup.

A year ago Fellos finished second in one contest (four inches away) and third in another (five inches). This summer he won his fourth tournament—with another hole in one—and his fifth, though he won that with a miserable shot six full inches away from the hole. In 1969 he had his only ace in an actual round of golf, on a 152-yard par-3, but a month later he sank an eight-iron approach from 125 yards for an eagle 2 and the next day holed out a 110-yard wedge for another eagle 2.

Fellos usually operates on the out-of-quantity-comes-quality theory, sometimes investing more than \$100 in a tournament at three shots for \$1. But even taking a few hundred attempts is not the answer, not with the accepted odds against a hole in one something like 10,000 to 1. What is the secret?

"I always feel I have a chance to knock the ball into the hole," Fellos says simply. "I think that's something you develop by practicing and playing. In the contests I keep swinging until I get the range. Then I know I have a good chance of knocking it in if I hit enough shots."

Well, that sounds easy enough.

PLENTY OF TIME

Those of you who worry about what to do with your leisure time might consider entering a boat in the first round-the-world yacht race. Post time is August 1973, and the start is at Plymouth, England. The race will be in four stages: Plymouth to Cape Town, Cape Town to Sydney, Sydney to Buenos Aires and Buenos Aires back to Plymouth. Bring plenty of sandwiches. The race is expected to take six or seven months, including stopovers of two to three weeks at each of the staging points.

STRIKING BACK

It's about time this Women's Lib thing was stamped out. When female jockeys began riding at thoroughbred tracks a year or two ago one of the principal objections to their presence was the fear that they would be hurt when male riders began to use rough tactics in close races. But after some wild riding in the seventh race at Charles Town, W. Va., last Friday night three male jockeys filed foul claims against a 16-year-old girl rider named Debra Wray. One claimed his mount was bothered by Miss Wray's horse on the clubhouse turn, a second

charged her with moving in too close at the quarter pole and the third said her mount nudged his in the stretch. Miss Wray got to the wire first, leaving a trail of broken hearts behind her, but the stewards, fighting a rearguard action for the obsolescent male, upheld the objection and moved her horse from first place to fifth. Way to go, fellas.

GO APE

And it isn't just women jockeys. A couple of months ago we reported that the greyhound track in Juárez, Mexico, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, was putting on exhibition dog races that featured riders—little capuchin monkeys that sat right up there on the dogs as they coursed around the track. Well, the monkeys are back at Juárez, and now it's official: the monkey-dog races are part of the regular pari-mutuel card, with win, place, show and quinela betting. It's only a matter of time before we'll be hearing some disgruntled bettor at Santa Anita or Aqueduct tearing up his tickets and complaining, "The monk gave him a bad ride."

THEY SAID IT

• A bearded, bare-chested construction worker to Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn when he toured the site of the Philadelphia Phillies' nearly completed—but six-month-late—new stadium. "You won't be playing any ball here till June when I get through with it."

• The *Irish Times*, on the defeat of Nijinsky in the Arc de Triomphe: "To many Irish watchers at home, as well as those in Paris, the shock was like some convulsion of nature and most emphatically a national disaster. Not since the death of Cuchulain [a legendary Irish hero], perhaps, has there been such a romantic tragedy."

• Fred Taylor, TCU football coach: "We had a team a few years ago that fumbled so much the quarterback would signal for a fair catch before taking the snap from the center."

• Tony Kubek, of NBC's World Series television team, after interviewing Casey Stengel on the controversial play at home plate in the first game: "Excuse me, Casey, now I have to throw this upstairs to our translators."

• Otto Graham, in an interview just before the Cleveland Browns and the Cincinnati Bengals met for the second time ever: "It will be a typical Browns-Bengals game."

END

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FLYING START FOR THE BIG BAD BIRDS

It was the Series everybody wanted between baseball's two best teams, but the Orioles took something away from the script when they hit a little harder and pitched a little better to get away winging **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Earl Weaver stood in the Baltimore clubhouse shortly after the second game of the World Series, and it was obvious that he was ready for the question: What is the difference between your team this year and last? "Nothing," rasped the manager of the Orioles. "Last year we won 109 games in the regular season, the playoffs in three games and won the first game of the Series and lost the second. This year we won 108 games during the season, again won the playoffs in three straight and have beaten the Reds in the first two games of the Series. Up to this point both years figure out to 113 wins."

Excellent addition. Fine answer. Except for one thing Weaver failed to mention. A year before, his World Series opponents had been touched with magic. Now the Orioles were playing mortals. A better team, perhaps, but mortal. And last Sunday evening, as the 1970 Series shifted to Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, Cincinnati's Big Red Machine was slightly red-faced and chugging. Never before had a team lost the first two games of a World Series on its home grounds and come back to win the championship.

Not that the Reds had much cause to be embarrassed. They had lost 4-3 and 6-5 to a team that in 1970 set an American League record by winning 40 one-run games and losing only 15. There was superb baseball and high emotion on both sides, brilliant fielding, long home runs and good pitching in tight

spots. The crowds that packed into Riverfront Stadium were treated to the kind of baseball that is often promised but distressingly seldom seen when two such good teams meet.

In the days leading up to the Series the Reds showed how much they respected the Orioles. One afternoon, as he put on a T-shirt with a Spiro Agnew watch printed on the front of it, Pete Rose said, "Heck, I'm so excited about playing these Big Bad Birds that I'd go out there naked."

Jim Merritt, Cincinnati's lone 20-game winner, said, "I think that the fans have their wish. They wanted to see the Big Red Machine go against the Orioles. Maybe this is the World Series that baseball should have had the last two or three years. The Orioles had good teams all along and we had fine hitting clubs that had some pitching problems. We should play each other. It's the best in the National League against the best in the American. That's the way things should be decided."

But any team that hopes to beat Baltimore has to be both good and lucky. Built along classical lines, the Orioles seldom make a mistake on defense; their pitching is exceptional; and they can hit. The Reds received tremendous publicity throughout 1970 for their ability to hit for high averages and to pound out home runs—yet the Orioles actually scored more runs and hit only 12 fewer homers. Frank Lane, Baltimore's superscout, said of his team, "Not one of our play-

ers will admit it openly, but they took the New York Mets too lightly last year."

Any such attitude they might have had toward Cincinnati this time around was almost immediately dispelled. The Reds climbed on Jim Palmer, the lone rightshander in Baltimore's stable of 20-game winners, for three runs in the first three innings of the first game, and for a while it appeared that they might never stop. But it must be awfully comforting to pinch for the Baltimore Orioles, who look upon a three-run deficit as some kind of an appetizer.

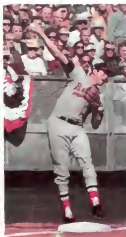
In the fourth inning, immediately after Paul Blair had collected the first Oriole hit off Gary Nolan, Boog Powell leaned his 260 pounds against a slightly hanging curveball and deposited it over the left-field wall for two runs. Then, in the fifth, Elrod Hendricks hit one over the right-field wall. And then, in the seventh, Brooks Robinson hit one to left. So the Orioles won the ball game. That was about it, except for a couple of things.

In the bottom of the sixth Brooks Robinson made a spectacular play on lead-off hitter Lee May. Robinson had lunged across the third-base foul line to turn a sure double into what looked like a single. It then became even less. Without even looking, Robinson threw to first base and caught May for what turned

continued

Three muzzes make an owl when umpire muzzes catcher missing the runner missing home.





Sure-handed Brooks Robinson, making routinely sensational play, speared Les May's hard shot, whirled and fired blind to get popout at first.

out to be a vital out, because a walk and a single followed. "Who you play with Brooks," said Powell, "you just go to the bag and hold the glove out. He'll get the ball there, you always know that."

Harry Dalton, Baltimore's general manager, told Weaver after the game, "That's got to be one of the 10 best plays Brooks ever made, Earl." Weaver disagreed. "I'd put it in his top 100 plays." Then he corrected himself. "Those hundred," he said, "are only since I've been here."

It should also be mentioned that Palmer gave the Reds only two hits after the first inning. "I thought I had bad stuff," he said, "but now that I think about it, maybe the Reds are such good hitters that they make you think you have bad stuff when you don't." Palmer began his day by almost missing the team bus; his watch was five minutes off. "It's the kind of a watch you get when you lose a World Series to the New York Mets," he said.

And, finally, that first game produced

one of the sillier World Series plays of all time. It came about because Plate Umpire Ken Burkhart apparently forgot there was a runner on third, or else he thought the Reds' Bernie Carbo wouldn't possibly try to come home on a high bouncing ball in front of the plate. But home Carbo came. Burkhart was down on his knees with his back to the play and Hendricks was tagging out Burkhart

with the ball in his right hand and tagging out Carbo without the ball in the mitt on his left. "Out," signaled Burkhart, now on the seat of his pants—and out of the dugout came Reds Manager Sparky Anderson and, later, out came a bouquet of towels. Since Carbo also missed the plate on his slide, it was very difficult to decide who was really right or wrong. The only sure thing is that



Scrambling for a win, Reds' May scores on a punt, Johnny Bench climbs fence for ball

Burkhart, despite a Big Red Face, was not about to change his call. It was all very unfortunate for the Reds, who saw a potentially big inning die and, in the next inning, their game die, too, when Brooks sent his deciding homer over the left-field wall.

On Sunday the Orioles used almost the same formula: with Mike Cuellar pitching (the Reds just love to assault 20-game winners) they fell behind by four runs through three innings. Two of the Cincinnati scores came on home runs by Johnny Bench and Bobby Tolan. But then the Orioles uncaged Powell, who homered to deepest center in the fourth, and in the fifth they batted around, driving Jim McGlothlin from the game. Blair drove in a run, Powell drove in another run, Brooks drove in a run and then Hendricks hit a two-run double. When Dick Hall, a 40-year-old relief pitcher whose style is reminiscent of a graffe on roller skates, came on to strangle the last seven Reds without a hit, the World Series was 2-0. The Orioles had just won their 16th straight, through the end of the regular season, the playoffs and the two Series games, a streak that went back almost to the Mets.

This was obviously the sort of thing that caught the city of Cincinnati poorly prepared. With their Reds out of first place only one day all season long, the burghers had been getting ready for a more enjoyable kind of World Series almost since Opening Day in April. By last week just about everyone and everything this side of the Ohio River seemed to have Big Red Machine blazoned across his front or bumper. Riverfront Stadium was filled with people wearing red hats and dresses and in right field a banner read "The Rose Garden." In left a group that calls itself "Bench's Bunch" cheered every move of the young catcher, who at 22 has become a kind of Paul Bunyan in shin guards.

The Cincinnati fans had some reason to be confident. Not only had their Reds emasculated the National League West, they had left what appeared to be a pretty good Pittsburgh team for dead by sweeping three straight playoff games. True, the Big Red Machine hit only .220 against the Pirates, causing some consternation, but its pitchers came through

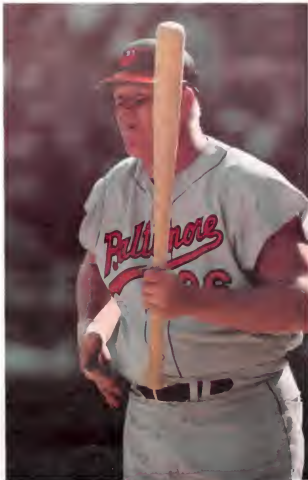
with a 0.96 performance in the earned run category, and they seemed to be ready for Baltimore.

Of course, when one is traveling around between the Ohio and the Mississippi, one is apt to overlook what is happening on the Mississippi and down in Chesapeake Bay. And what was happening was that the Orioles were also winning three straight playoff games,

running up scores against the Minnesota Twins that looked like Notre Dame had just come to town.

So, as Jim Merritt said, the two best teams in baseball got together. What then happened, while about as convincing as two one-run victories can be, could hardly be called a rout. But after Sunday night, the Big Red Machine's magic number was miracle.

END



In the hands of Boog Powell, the bat looked like a toy, but the Reds found it could sting.

THE WOO OF TEXAS IS UPON YOU

Oklahoma was victim No. 24 as Steve Worster & Co. stretched the longest win streak **by DAN JENKINS**

In the stands the fanatics who follow the Texas Longhorns have this husky chant which goes, "Woo . . . woo . . . woo," and one is given to understand that it is a call for Steve Worster, the fullback, to get the football and make a Wooburger out of whoever gets in his way. Worster generally does. Meanwhile, at parties before and after the games, the same fanatics have a quieter chant, "Saint . . . Saint . . . Saint," which is for Darrell Royal, the coach: St. Darrell, who will always think of something right. This is what life is like around the team with the nation's longest winning streak—24 in a row, as of Oklahoma's annual burial last week—the team which may or may not be as good as the national champions of a year ago.

It has been next to impossible to say exactly how good the Longhorns are, just as it has been with Ohio State and Notre Dame, and the 41-9 victory over Oklahoma did nothing, really, to clear up the matter. The Saturday before, it was tempting to immolate that Royal's 1970 team, a team minus James Street and a few other heroes, was probably not the equal of the 1969 outfit that went around annihilating people of lesser quality—and thinking up miracles to defeat the tough guys from Arkansas and Notre Dame. The reason was that Texas had to have another of those miracles to get past a UCLA team which performed perfectly for Coach Tommy



Prothro, Texas had to hit a 45-yard touchdown pass with only 12 seconds left to play to scramble past the Bruins 20-17. Until that instant, there had been a question as to whether Texas had another wonder worker like James Street.

Royal had been insisting that his new quarterback, junior Eddie Phillips, was, if anything, a better athlete than Street and just as talented at making the Texas offense work. The Texas offense, of course, is that thing called the Wishbone Triple, an attack that requires perfect timing and split-second decisions.

"Phillips," Royal said, "is a kid who just smiles all the time and loves to practice and play football. He's good on the option, almost instinctive with it. But we don't know if he'll have that thing Street had. You know, something good just sort of followed James around and waited to happen."

In Phillips' case, that something good did happen against UCLA. Phillips threw the pass that Cotton Speyrer caught to overtake the Bruins and keep the Texas win streak alive. Thus, he had accomplished at least once what Street accomplished more or less regularly.

Still, how good was Texas? "Coming along," Royal said, "Prothro didn't come riding into Austin on a wagonload of wood. UCLA played great and they showed us a defensive scheme we hadn't seen. Considering that, we did all right. There are a lot of people who think that all we have to do to win is put on the orange shirts, line up in the Wishbone and say bang. That isn't true."

And so it was back to the Oklahoma game for what would surely be a better gauge on Texas. Oklahoma had two weeks to get ready, and Chuck Fairbanks used the time to put in the Wishbone Triple. He also decided to go with an eight-man line, hoping to force Texas to pass. Neither plan worked very well, although Oklahoma took a 3-0 lead, and so Texas was pressured into coming from behind for the eighth time in this win streak.

The Sooners got an early break by recovering a fumble on the Texas five-yard line but they could not score. Texas' defense, led by End Bill Atestis and Linebackers Scott Henderson and Randy Braband, stopped four Sooner ground

plays shy of the goal. "If you can't guess right playing your own offense, then I guess you never will," said Henderson.

Texas then cranked up its rushing machine in the second quarter as Worster started making Wooburgers and Phillips worked the option expertly on the wide plays. He even threw a touchdown pass to his tight end, Deryl Comer, proving that, though Royal would happily ban the pass, it still lives in Austin and surfaces every now and then. Texas threw but seven passes all day and hit three.

"Seven is about enough," Royal said with a smile.

The 41 points Texas scored turned out to be the Longhorns' all-time high against Oklahoma, and the total grew because Texas got some cheap ones, the way a good team does when it has the other whipped physically. Fumbles and interceptions inside the Oklahoma 25 put the game away in the third quarter.

Along with the cheap points came an expensive injury. Speyrer, a star of far more games than just the UCLA win, was carted off with a broken arm in the third quarter. He had sailed up for a deep pass from Phillips, got hit and broke it coming down—without the ball.

Royal confided before the game that he thought Texas had a chance to be as good as last year, particularly on offense, even without Street. But losing Speyrer gave him second thoughts. If names mean anything, there was hope in his replacement, however. That individual, Dean Campbell, is only 5' 5" and 150 pounds. But he is a neighbor of Royal's in Austin—"he lives close to greatness," said a fan—and Campbell's late father used to be "Captain Superior" on Austin television.

"He's just a little monkey who likes to play," Royal said. "He'll have to do some playing now."

If Texas is going to have a superior victory streak, he sure will. No. 24 for the Longhorns moved them into a rather elite category and put them within striking distance of some even more glorified postwar strings. First, the victory over Oklahoma moved Texas ahead of the 23 in a row recently abandoned by Penn State. It tied the Longhorns with the 24 straight Princeton run up in the Dick Kazmaier days. Should Texas capture a 25th straight in its next game with Rice, after an off week, that would

tie the number of games won in succession by the Davis-Blanchard Army teams in the mid-1940s and by Michigan in the late '40s (the Bob Chappuis-Chuck Ortmann years).

Not entirely out of reach for Royal's crew is the 28 straight that Michigan State gobbled up under Beggie Munn in the early 1950s. Those were the Spartan teams of the "pony backfield"—LeRoy Bolden, Billy Wells, et al. But then you begin dreaming. The only remaining modern streaks to assault are those of Bud Wilkinson's Oklahoma. Royal himself quarterbacked, defended and punted on Sooner teams that won 31 in a row from 1948 through 1950. And then there was the streak of streaks—the 47-gamer in the 1950s.

To reach 31 straight, Texas—a Speyrerless Texas now—would have to defeat the rest of its 1970 foes, including Arkansas and a Cotton Bowl team that perhaps would be as rugged as Notre Dame was a year ago. Finally, it is possible that not even Royal has enough luck left to approach 47 straight.

But 24 is still the most that any college team has taken since that big long stretch of Oklahoma's. And the Texas fans are convinced there will be other miracles—that something good is following Eddie Phillips around just as it followed James Street.

More important, Texas has athletes and a head start with that offense the others are copying. The offensive line might be the best Royal has ever had, and in Steve Worster and Jim Bertelsen, a half-back, he has men who are not only brilliant runners but brutal blockers.

Worster, a strong-legged 210-pounder, is surely the best fullback in the nation. Were he fed the ball more his yardage would excite more people, but Worster spends half his time blocking and faking and otherwise helping the Wishbone average about 350 yards on the ground.

"We like scores better than stats," Texas publicist Jones Ramsey said.

With what should be some softies coming up on the Texas schedule now, Longhorn fanatics undoubtedly will have more opportunities to chant and celebrate and shove the win streak onward and upward. But now Speyrer is gone, along with Street, and surely there is a limit to how many wonders even Woo and Saint can work. Or is there? **END**

Worster, the big Longhorn fullback, goes for non-breaking yards in victory over Sooners.

DAYS OF STILLNESS AT WICHITA STATE

The crash of a chartered airplane carrying a college team was tragedy enough, but the grief has been intensified by a maze of evidence that indicates the accident should never have happened **by WILLIAM JOHNSON**

The quality of tragedy is not absolute, and the death of 30 people in the scorched and melted wreckage of the Wichita State University football team plane upon a Colorado mountainside perhaps generated more than its share of bitter grief. One reason, of course, is that so many of the dead were so young and so robust. The bodies of 13 boys were found in the broken plane. Around them lay the paraphernalia they were to have used the next afternoon at Utah State on the far side of the Rockies. Black-and-golden helmets, shoulder pads and cleated shoes were strewn along the swath of charred and broken pines left by the burning plane. And last week, at funeral after funeral across Kansas and Missouri and Oklahoma and as far away as Florida, the young football players of Wichita State performed the sad ritual that should be carried out only by old men: they shouldered the coffins of their friends and walked in stricken processions to place them in the new graves dug in old cemeteries.

Besides the dreadful toll of young linebackers and ends and cornerbacks who died that afternoon, there were others: boosters from Wichita bound for the game in Logan, Utah, Football Coach Ben Wilson and his wife, Athletic Director Bert Katzenmeyer and his wife, the university's director of admissions, the ticket manager, the team's student manager, the pilot and both stewardesses of the chartered craft. Ten people survived the impact of the crash. Dazed, some of them managed to walk down Mt. Trellease, and that night, by lantern light and by the flickering glow of the burning plane, rescue crews searched the woods in hopes of finding other survivors who may have wandered off in shock after the accident. Two days later the team trainer, Tom Reeves, died in a Denver hospital. His wife was at his death bed; she was under a doctor's

care herself, for she had given birth to a baby boy less than 36 hours before the crash. With Tom Reeves there were 30 dead. American sport had not experienced a disaster of such dimensions since 1961 when 18 members of the U.S. figure skating team died in a commercial airline crash in Belgium. In 1960, in an accident depressingly similar to Wichita State's, 16 players on the California Polytech football team were killed when a chartered plane plunged to earth in a fog near Tokyo.

Governors ordered flags lowered to half-staff, and there were moments of silence at football games all over the nation. At the Wichita State stadium one windy night last week the clear voice of a young girl folksinger rose above a crowd of 15,000 mourners; she was singing, "Where have all the young men gone?" More poignant than any of the massive ceremonies was the desolate tableau at the Utah State stadium at the hour when the Wichita State team should have been spreading out across the field for the kickoff. Instead of an excited crowd and eager teams there was nothing but tiers of empty seats, silence and a single funeral wreath of black and gold set upon the 50-yard line.

Yet beyond the sheer magnitude of the disaster, the agony and the disbelief became even more intensified as more and more became known about the accident. Investigators of the National Safety Transportation Board sifted the debris on the mountain and began painstaking reviews of official files pertaining to the pilots, planes and companies involved. At midweek Secretary of Transportation John A. Volpe declared, "The evidence we have to date suggests there may have been some wrongdoing."

Whatever the final investigations and full hearings will prove, a bizarre pattern of neglect and bad judgment seemed to have been closing in around the Wich-

ita State team for several weeks before the crash. The athletic department had negotiated a contract for two planes—a Martin 202 and the Martin 404 that went down—to carry the football team on its 1970 trips. The price was \$24,000 for the season, and the contract involved two companies from Oklahoma City. Golden Eagle Aviation, Inc., which would supply crews, and Jack Richards Aircraft Co., Inc., which would supply aircraft. This arrangement has since been described by federal officials as a device, a "facade" behind which the companies could avoid strict compliance with regulations governing air carriers. The owner of the planes, Jack Richards, was asked last week if he felt personally responsible for the catastrophe. He replied: "Well, I don't see that I have a responsibility since the planes were leased to the university and the university was the operator. I'm awful sad about the lives that were lost, but I don't see anything I could have done."

Precisely where the legal responsibility lies will be decided through lawsuits against the various principals. (Claims totaling \$1.8 million were filed last week by relatives of the two stewardesses who were killed.) Yet each day seemed to bring some freshly appalling bit of information about the crash. After the Martin 404 went down in Colorado, federal agents in Utah seized the other plane used by Wichita State, which had arrived safely at its destination, and sealed it until it could be thoroughly examined. Later, the Federal Aviation Administration announced it had found 16 "maintenance defects" in the plane—including excessive oil leakage and a corroded battery—and it issued an emergency grounding order on the spot. The agency also suspended the pilot of that plane for failure to have proper medical certification.

Then it became known that the doomed Martin 404, 20 years old, had been in storage until scarcely a month before the crash. The FAA said that the Richards company had not registered its ownership of the plane until the day before it crashed. It said the company was not certified to fly any craft heavier than 12,500 pounds, and that the Martin 404 weighed nearly four times that much. The agency reported that an FAA man had pointedly warned Golden Eagle executives earlier this year that they could "get in trouble" flying large air-

craft. And it said that the plane may have been as much as 4,000 pounds overweight when it struck the mountain.

There was still more to add shock to the grief. It turned out that on Aug. 14, after seeing a brochure advertising seats on the team's flight to a game against Texas A&M on Sept. 12, an FAA agent in Wichita had twice telephoned the university ticket manager, Floyd Farmer. He told Farmer that selling such tickets for seats would be illegal; Golden Eagle Aviation held only an air-taxi certificate and thus could not fly planes as big as those required to carry a football team and its fans. Farmer, who died in Colorado, agreed, and the ticket offer was withdrawn. Yet the athletic department held to its contract with Golden Eagle despite the warning.

A final irony occurred the week before the disaster. The Wichita State contingent was to use two planes for a flight to Canyon, Texas for a game against West Texas State. But one of the planes was damaged when its landing gear collapsed during a takeoff at Oklahoma City and was temporarily out of commission. The Martin 202 had to make two trips to ferry the entire team to Texas. WSU's

sports information director, Conrad Downing, said after that trip, "A few people were wondering whether we'd get there in one piece or not. Luck was with us. Nothing fell off and we returned safe and sound—well, sentisound."

A week later luck was no longer with Wichita State. In retrospect, it seems astonishing that everyone continued to go along with the rickety arrangements, and that no one—a university official or the FAA or even someone around the airport—did or said anything that might have saved those 30 lives.

Now, when it is too late, everyone seems galvanized into action. Secretary Volpe has ordered an investigation of the charter airplane industry and of the FAA's methods of policing it. (There are about 130,000 planes in the U.S., the FAA has about 1,500 inspectors, of whom half are constantly involved with the 3,000 commercial airline planes. With such minimal potential for surveillance, it is rare that a violator is actually caught unless—like a man driving without an auto license—he is involved in an accident.) All of the planes owned by Richards have been grounded. The company has been fined \$50,000. The license of

Golden Eagle Aviation has been revoked. Suddenly there are many reports about close calls experienced by other teams on charter flights—of feathered props and smoking engines and operators working without proper certificates or maintenance. As Volpe said, "Sometimes it takes an accident of this type to tighten things up."

There are still the dead and the maimed to be remembered, but life does go on, and there are many things to be tightened up. Last week Wichita State appointed another football coach, Bob Seaman, who had been one of Ben Wilson's assistants. And on Sunday night, in a mournful meeting behind closed and locked doors, those who survived elected to continue their schedul: of games this season, beginning Oct. 24. It seemed a grim and unsettling prospect to face the weeks of practice and competition before cheering spectators with a team so decimated, with a lineup so filled with the spirits of dead boys. Yet perhaps the painful sight of watching Wichita State play football again so soon is simply an extension of a tragedy that has already come to be almost too bitter to be believed. **END**

A wreath was placed before empty stands in the stadium at Logan, Utah where Wichita State's ill-fated team was to have played Utah State.



HE GOES WHERE THE TROUBLE IS

He is Joe Kapp, wandering quarterback, and last week he was in Kansas City, playing for the Boston Patriots, who are in deep trouble. Despite Kapp, the Pats lost, but wait until the new boy learns the system **by JACK OLSEN**

Before he boarded the Boston Patriots' chartered jet for Kansas City last weekend, a tramp quarterback named Joe Kapp sniffed the delicate salt-scented air of the Hub City and observed, "Man, this life's worked out just too good. Something's bound to happen." Something did. Jerry Mays and Buck Buchanan happened. Aaron Brown and Bobby Bell happened. The whole Kansas City defense happened, and for the second time in 10 months Joe Kapp, the Man of Machismo, found himself looking at the world through a haze of red jerseys. But he didn't mind a bit. "I'm playing football again," he said,

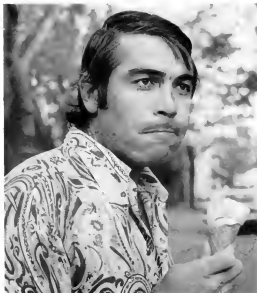
"and that's what counts. For a while this summer it was looking pretty bleak."

Bleak is an understatement. Ten days before Kapp suited up for Sunday's game against the Chiefs, the man who had led the Minnesota Vikings to the Super Bowl was not only unemployed, he was stunned and hurt by the Vikings' refusal to negotiate seriously with his longtime agent, John Elliott Cook of San Francisco, the man who obtained the Taj Mahal for 49er Quarterback John Brodie. Kapp's only role in the summer-long war of nerves was to keep his mouth shut, and he took his beautiful wife Marcia and his 7-year-old son J.J. off to Cal-

ifornia, where they stayed with relatives in San Jose and Sacramento. When an ultimatum came from the Vikings' front office, Kapp exploded in private. "God-damn it," he said. "I don't answer ultimatums, I'm not some kind of god-damn slave." But mostly he was unseen and unheard. "I laid around watching TV," he recalls. "Me and my six-pack. I watched the Vikings beat Kansas City and, man, was I proud. Then another weekend went by and I still wasn't playing, and my mother kept telling me, 'Don't worry, everything works out for the best.' It all goes to show you, boys. Listen to your mother."

The lady in question, Florence Garcia Kapp, was working in her San Jose Dairy Queen when the telephone rang and a man who identified himself as Clive Rush, coach of the Boston Patriots, asked to speak to her son the vagrant. Two days later, Joseph Kapp, 32, flew to Boston and became the Patriots' second-string quarterback. The terms were unannounced, but a club official dropped a strong hint. "Not since the U.S.S. *Nouriss*," he said, "has that much money been paid for a sub." The members of the Boston working press came up with a consensus estimate of \$100,000 a year for five years. There was good reason to believe that for once they were conservative. The Vikings had offered Kapp \$100,000, and he had responded with dead silence. The best guess is that Boston will pay him no less than \$150,000 per annum.

Is he worth it? The citizens of Boston seem to think so. Kapp and Patriot President Billy Sullivan had been spotted as they deplaned at Boston's Logan International Airport after the all-night flight from San Francisco. "Hey, Joe," a mechanic shouted, "you gonna play for the Pats?" Kapp raised both hands in a victory salute and shouted back, "Everything for the team." The mechanic raced to a telephone and called a local radio station, and for the next few hours the airwaves were buzzing with rumors and predictions. On the rumors alone, stock



Apartment hunting in Brookline, Mass., Kapp pauses for a reflective bite of butter crunch.

in the Boston Patriots Football Club Inc. jumped from 16 to 19, and at mid-day, after the official announcement, it went up again. Within 24 hours of Kapp's arrival, the team had sold 100 more season tickets, and the day after he hit town hopeful purchasers were lined up outside Fenway Park, where the club has its offices, some of them rubbing their eyes from a night on the pavement. Said Ticket Manager John Fitzgerald, "It's the first time this has ever happened to us for a regular-season game."

Around the city usually unflappable Bostonians blew their cool en masse. On the morning that Kapp arrived switchboard operators at the three major newspapers fell hopelessly behind trying to handle the calls. The *Boston Evening Globe's* headline that night was PATRIOTS GET KAPP FROM VIRGINIA. It was set in the type newspapers usually reserve for such news as DIWEY BEATS TRUMAN. "There may be no more pussy in the Pats," *Herald-Traveler* Columnist Jack Clary wrote, and Bud Collins in the *Smaller Globe* tagged Kapp "The Mexican Messiah" and said that Boston fans were willing to give him a few days "before they expect him to lead them to the green pasture called the Super Bowl." The *Globe* began a three-partner on Kapp's life and hard times, and the *Record-American* called the quarterback "a Kappital gain." "This was to be the first in a long succession of puns. 'Marksmen Joe is no Kapp pistol,' read another item. A headline blared: PATS KAPP-TURE FANCY OF FANS. Joe was quickly tagged "The Hub-Kapp," and when he was seen in a night-club, "The Night-Kapp."

"No more ink," Kapp was heard to cry, "Just let me play football." But the "ink" flowed on, and the citizens of Boston soaked it up. Approaching the city, TWA Captain Wes Jacobs observed that it was "a beautiful night for football," and the tower operator added, "Yeah, now that Kapp's here." Hotelier Stephen Stearns said, "Joe Kapp is the biggest thing to hit Boston since Bobby Orr, and Bobby Orr is the biggest thing to hit Boston since Paul Revere," thereby avoiding even a tip of the Kapp to Bill Russell, Ted Williams, Bob Cousy, Charlie Brockley and Babe Ruth. Tom Burns, operator of Yellow Cab No. 2, said, "It's a gift from heaven. And we accept," John Sullivan, 13, said to his friend, John MacDonald, 11: "My fa-

vorite QB use to be But Stah. Now it's Joe Kapp. But one thing we gotta remember, Jawn. He's only human. He's not a good scrambluh." "Then what is he a good?" John MacDonald asked. "He's a good QB. He fires the ball." "Yeah," John MacDonald said. "He oughta fire the ball—'for \$500,000 a game.'" Young John refused to divulge the source of his figures.

While the adulation and speculation were sweeping Boston, Kapp was playing a new and unlikely role: the cram scholar. On his first day in town Rush had picked him up at the airport at 6:30 a.m. and drilled him on the Patriots' complex offensive system for four straight hours. Then there was a press conference. "I've got to get to work, boys, so let's get this over with," Kapp announced as several dozen reporters opened their yaps. "When will you be able to start?" one asked. "What difference does that make?" Kapp said. "The idea is for everyone to help the

other guy." "Would you be willing to serve as a backup quarterback for the remainder of the year?" another reporter asked. "If you want to ask a damn question like that, then I'm willing to say, yes, I'll be the backup," Kapp replied. Rush jumped up and grabbed Kapp's hand. "Joe," he said, "you and I are going to get along great."

Now it was noon. Kapp had not slept. His suitcase was at his side. He had a single change of clothes plus the rumpled outfit he was wearing, and he had no hotel room. But instead of attacking his personal problems, he went to the blackboard with Rush for another marathon session. Finally Rush said, "Joe, we've thrown a lot at you today. Maybe you want to relax a little bit, let the smoke clear?" He sent Kapp off in the company of Gino Cappelletti, the Patriots' pass catcher and placekicker, and the two old pros taxied to Cappelletti's club, The Point After, drank a few beers and talked. "I thought he'd want to relax,"

continued



Kapp moved Patriots on the ground but Buck Buchanan for one, stopped his passing game

Gino said later, "but not him. He sits me down and he says, 'O.K., tell me about the club.' And he made me go right down the roster, 40 guys, and give him their total biographies, what they eat, what they drink, who're the swingers, who're the serious guys, and then he wanted to know about the trainer and the water boy."

Late in the evening somebody reminded Kapp that he hadn't made hotel accommodations. Cappelletti rushed his new teammate to the Hotel Sonesta, across the Charles River in Cambridge, where an excited manager said, "My God, you're Joe Kapp. You're our guest. Namah stays here, and he pays. But you—you're our guest."

Kapp's first game in a Patriot uniform was two Sundays ago, when Baltimore beat Boston 14-6. He wore his old Minnesota number (11) and prowled the sidelines leading cheers and patting backside. Once he went over to the timekeeper and said, "Listen, any chance you have, give us an edge, will you? I'll buy you a beer." The P.A. announcer said, "Ladies and gentlemen, there are a few roster changes. Wearing No. 11 is Kapp, Joe Kapp. . . ." No one in the record crowd of 38,235 at Harvard Stadium could hear the rest of the changes. Overhead, a light plane towed a streamer: BOSTON WELCOMES JOE KAPP. The Most Happy Chicano had been in town for two days, and already he was the sole proprietor.

While the game was going on, volunteers were out trying to locate quarters for Kapp and his family. Another enthusiast was sifting through automobile deals ("I'll go all the way to the governor's office to get you the right deal," he promised), and agencies were roughing out commercials that would star the Hub's newest hero.

This same upwelling of enthusiasm caused a clique of fans at the game to lose its perspective. Early in the first quarter, with Mike Taliaferro running the Patriots' attack, the fans began shouting: "We want Kapp! We want Kapp!" Kapp hied his 6'3", 215-pound frame over near the stands, pointed a finger at the cheering section and bellowed, "Shut up!" There was relative silence for two periods, but with Boston trailing in the final quarter and Taliaferro throwing incompletions, the roar came from all over the stadium: "We want Kapp!" Joe knew he wasn't going to play, and he shook

his head as though to discourage the noise. "That's football fans," he said later. "They love to win and get involved, and some of them are stupid."

But if there was no chance for the new man to get into the Baltimore game, there was every chance for him to play the following Sunday against Kansas City, the team that had rubbed his nose in the dirt in the Super Bowl and knocked him out of a game for the first time in his life. All last week Kapp went to bed with his playbook the way a U.S. Marine goes to bed with his rifle. His assignment was to learn as many plays and formations as he could, and Offensive Coordinator John Mazur hoped that would be about 80. Clive Rush said, "We'll put in as many wrinkles as we can without messing his mind."

One evening Kapp sat in his hotel room, knitting his brow over the playbook and trying to follow the Kansas City-Denver game film that he was projecting on the wall. "The trouble is," he said, "it's one thing to know the plays in Room 917 of the Hotel Sonesta and another to know them at the line of scrimmage, with Curley Culp breathing on you. And then maybe you get yourself a shot on the head and you forget the whole system. I did that in Canada once—I started calling University of California signals. And I did it again at Minnesota. We were playing Detroit, and I took a shot on the head, and I came in and called a play from my Canadian football days. That'll happen here, too. The way you'll know is you'll see the Boston backfield go one way and me another."

By the second week of workouts, Kapp had made his singular presence felt. "I don't know what it is about that guy," said an assistant coach, "but he's a winner, and he generates something special." While Taliaferro showed signs of tension ("Are we in your way, fellow?" he said to a photographer pressing to get a picture of Kapp), Joe kept things low-key and loose. The defensive line warmed to his quips and wisecracks, as had other lines at Minnesota and Calgary and Vancouver. "Don't worry, Joe," Tackle Houston Antwine shouted, "we ain't going to hat you today." "Hey, Joe, cut your hair, man," another back said. "You look like the player rep for the Gay Alliance." When Kapp slipped, somebody shouted, "Hey, Joe, you better stop buying your football shoes in Tijuana."

Off the field, the leave-no-stone-unturned

trained. Surprisingly, there was only one Patriot whom Kapp had known from his past meanderings—Brian Dowling, the fourth-string quarterback from Yale. Quickly Kapp set about rectifying the social omissions. He sat in the trainer's room exchanging niceties with his new teammates. "Hey," he said to Trainer Bill Bates, "take it easy on my feet. Don't you know Mexicans have tender feet?" "You're only half Mexican," Bates said. "Which foot is tender?"

When the offensive line dressed and headed for a neighborhood tavern, Kapp wheedled an invitation by announcing loudly, "My, my, a man certainly gets thirsty around here." In the bar he slapped a \$100 bill on the table and told the waiter, "Take care of my boys." Later he explained: "I'm not really a high roller. I wouldn't lay out that kind of money for anybody who isn't blocking or catching."

One night he went to visit Defensive End Ike Lassiter, who was in a suburban hospital with a leg injury. First Kapp stopped in a liquor store and asked for a bottle of tequila. "We don't have tequila," the clerk said. "You don't have tequila?" Kapp roared. "What are you, prejudiced against Mexicans?" "I'm sorry, sir," the clerk said. "We don't have too much call for tequila in Brighton." Still faking outrage, Kapp settled for Jack Daniels and Cold Duck, which he smuggled past the hospital receptionist in a sack of potato chips, pretzels and candy. A pleasant evening was had by all, especially Lassiter, who was meeting his teammate for the first time.

No one who knows Kapp would ever make the mistake of charging him with faking camaraderie à la Sammy Glick. The genuine affection that he feels for his fellow humans, but particularly for his fellow ballplaying humans, is immediately apparent. "Sure, I was close to those guys at Minnesota," Kapp says. "But I feel close to all football players. They're interesting to me. They're characters. It's an honest ball the football, and it makes honest people. Football weeds out the phonies. So when you come to a new team and you have a whole collection of these crazy guys out there, you have a hell of a time not liking all of them."

When Kapp left Minnesota for good, he left behind several dozen teammates who were truly upset by his going. "Joe's got something," Linebacker Lonnie

continued

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Warwick had said when the deal was announced: "He's a winner all the way. I'm glad he's getting a chance to play somewhere, but I'd like to have him back here. He'll make a winner out of Boston." Warwick and Dale Hackbart and Clint Jones and Mick Tingelhoff and other veterans on the Viking squad kept calling from Minnesota, offering Kapp their congratulations and telling him how sorely he was missed.

At first the Viking front office remained truculent. General Manager Jim Finks told reporters, "Joe Kapp wasn't going to play for the Vikings whether we won our first five games or lost them. [Coach] Bud Grant and I decided in August that Joe wouldn't play for the Vikings for the good of the organization, the players and everybody concerned." Then he added: "Joe Kapp is now a Patriot. Isn't that ironic?" But later Finks spoke regretfully about the whole affair. "Sure, I said those things," he admitted. "I was mad at the time. I'm not very proud of what happened. It's very easy not to sign players. Anybody can do that. My job is to sign them. But I feel that I did what 25 other general managers would have done under the circumstances. The mistake I made was allowing a third party to come in between me and Joe. Personally, I still feel that Joe is a hell of a guy. Nobody should make him the heavy in this thing."

"Ancient history," Kapp insisted when asked if he thought his departure would hurt the Vikings. "Those guys are pros. They'll play for me, and they'll play for Gary [Cuozzo]." However, as a Minnesota veteran said last week, "We kept hoping that Joe would come back somehow, but when we realized that the front office had let him go to Boston and there was no way for him to come back, we realized that our owners were more interested in keeping us ballplayers in line than they were in winning a championship. It'll take us a while to get over that feeling."

Now Minnesota's doldrums are Boston's joys. The city of Harvard and MIT, the Arboretum, the Athenaeum, a highway known as the Circumferential and a thousand other cultural delights nurses deep sadistic impulses, and its favorite athletes have always been the bangers and the hitters, the Jim Loscuttios, Ted Greeces and Derek Sandersons—and now the Joe Kapps.

Although the Patriots have had los-

ing seasons since 1966, they have never ceased to hit. They were the first AFL team to blitz, and they have always been noted for their front four. The pass rushers are now known as "The Boston Pops" and the ferocious special teams as "The Boston Bomb Squad." Last season a single placard hung in the Patriot dressing room. It read: HIT. Larry Eisenhower, "The Wild Man," the defensive end who retired this year, used to warm up by running into the locker room wall. Linebacker John Bramlett, "The Bull," was released by a St. Louis Cardinal farm team after he ran through a centerfield wall in Tulsa. Earthquake Jim Hunt, a defensive tackle, created more fumbles than any player in AFL history. Offensive Guard Mike Montler, 6' 4", 270, was signed after he wiped out Mean Joe Greene in a Senior Bowl game, and is fond of lifting a trouser leg and revealing a hideous tattoo bearing the caption "The Monster." Offensive Guard Lenne St. Jean, "The Strongboy," a lumberjack from northern Michigan, once slashed his hand with an ax and went about his business after sewing it up with fishing line.

Boston fans—and Patriot players—revel in such stories. They would rather hear about St. Jean's 20 stitches than about the team's offensive patterns, and they would rather see a quarterback improvise a crunching three-yard gain than execute a classic spiral from a classic pocket. Ex-Cardinal Linebacker Dave Meggsy used to say that Kapp was the "deviant" individualistic type of personality that is on the way out in pro football, but deviants are far from passe in Boston. The Patriots may win or lose when Kapp takes over but they won't play to a lot of empty seats.

"I think I'll like it here," Kapp said last week. "Some wise guy predicted I'd be overwhelmed by all the culture in Boston, but what the hell—my wife goes to the ballet in Sacramento, why can't we go to the ballet in Boston? What's the difference? Anyway, the Mexicans had a culture in California 300 years before there even was a Boston—that's what I told one reporter, just to keep him on his toes." He beckoned confidentially. "To tell you the truth," he said softly, "I'm very impressed by the culture here. Don't forget—I'm the guy that gets oppressed by everything. Why, the other day I looked out on the river and there was the Harvard crew rowing their ass-

es off. Now that's impressive. I mean, the Harvard Crimson and all."

But was he getting a little tired of wandering about from place to place? "Sure," Kapp said. "It used to be just Marcia and me, and we could take it, but now there's the boy to think about, keeping him in one school and all. I like this Boston. Maybe we'll stay here. I got to hope this is the last stop on the line for me. But who knows? Some people are like John Unitas—they get to work with the same team, the same signals, for 15 years. I don't know if I'd like that. I remember Stout Steve Owen when he was coaching up at Calgary. He said, 'Joe, I'm just a troubleshooter. I go where the trouble is.' I hope it doesn't sound like bragging, but I feel a little bit the same way."

On Sunday, Joe Kapp found that the trouble was at Kansas City. The time and place were out of joint. The Kansas City defense, the equal or superior of any, had had a week to brood over a 26-13 loss to Denver. In addition, Cleve Rush had juggled his offensive line during the week, then juggled it back again on Sunday. The results were predictable. Harried and flustered, Mike Taliaferro threw four interceptions in the first half, while Kapp paced the sidelines emitting roars that could be heard in the press box.

When Kapp took over in the second half the crowd noise was so deafening that the officials called time and the public-address announcer said, "Please show your sportsmanship by not drowning out the play." Sportsmanship? The crowd was letting Joe know how glad it was to see him back where he belonged.

On his first two plays, Kapp handed off to Carl Garrett for first downs. But it was not to last. Kansas City stiffened and regained control. Kapp played the rest of the game, but partly on account of his limited repertoire of plays he completed only two of 11 passes—one for a touchdown to Blake Turner in the closing minutes—and the final score was Kansas City 23, Boston 10.

Patience! Kapp should soon resume doing his thing: hitting, swinging, mixing, drinking the fermented juice of the maize cactus—and winning football games. As 11-year-old John MacDonald said, "He's a winner—that's something new around here." Would the Boston Patriots pay \$500,000 a game for anything less? **END**

IT'S GOTTA BE ORR—OR ELSE

A long look forward through the rosters of the NHL and a short look backward by a winning—and now disillusioned—coach make NHL hockey in 1970 seem like a one-man game **by MARK MULVOY**

One day last May, moments after his overtime goal had produced Boston's first Stanley Cup since 1941, a young man scarcely out of his teens stood in the Bruins' dressing room with the famed trophy in his left hand, a bottle of champagne in his right—and the world at his feet. No player in hockey history ever had a season quite like that just completed by Bobby Orr. A rookie only three years earlier, he finished 1969-70 as the league leader in scoring—an unprecedented accomplishment for a defenseman—the Most Valuable Player during the regular schedule, the Most Valuable Player in the cup playoffs, the leader of the No. 1 team in the game and, obviously, the best defenseman in the National Hockey League. And he still was only 22 years old. "So," asked a near-

by newsmen, "what next, Bobby, what next?" Orr stopped snorting champagne for a second. "Let's do it all over again," he said.

As Orr said it, it was just the happy gag of a momentarily elated kid and, naturally, everyone in the dressing room cheered. But considered soberly at the start of another hockey season, Bobby's statement becomes more of a mandate than a mere boast. If the expanded NHL is to go on making it big at the box office, this fantastic young spark of the Boston Bruins practically has to do it all over again. For in big-league hockey right now, overinflated and out of balance as it is, there is one Bobby Orr and a lot of other guys named Guy.

Three years ago the National Hockey League hlew itself up into a soft, un-

wieldy mess by adding six teams from the minor leagues to its old roster of six. This year, before fully digesting that expansion, it has added two new teams to its Eastern Division—the Sabres in Buffalo and the Canucks in Vancouver. (Vancouver is east of Tokyo.) Last year's regular season champions, the Chicago Black Hawks, meanwhile have been sent to the West.

All of this has created so much competitive imbalance among the 14 teams in both divisions, not to mention the imbalance within each division, that virtually every other game promises to be a real yawn-maker. In the East neither Buffalo nor Vancouver has the remotest chance to make the playoffs. In the West, by any kind of form, Chicago will have clinched the championship by Christmas. The cold statistics as well as a comparison of playing personnel clearly indicate that seven of the 14 clubs cannot hope to compete on an equal basis. Consider these facts:

In 1967-68, the optimistic first year of expansion, the new six-team West Division won a fair 35% of its games against the established East. In 1968-69, however, the West won only 24% of the interdivision games and last year it won only 19%. Moreover, during those three years, only one West team, the St. Louis Blues, won more games than it lost



THE NEW SEASON will see the Black Hawks, led by Stan Mikita, invading the West. Vancouver will hatch its Canucks and a new team in

Buffalo will take on an old coach from Toronto. Ticket prices will be up, as will penalties for icy transgressions. Montreal's Canadians, as of

in a season. Last year the Blues won the West championship by 22 points, but they would have finished sixth in the East. Finally, in three Stanley Cup championship series against the East winner, the West team has not won a single game.

Nevertheless, despite this record of futility, there will be proportionally more interdivisional—and hence more lopsided—games than ever before. Fading tight competition to lure the fans to the ice and to the TV tube, the NHL this year must therefore depend on flashy personalities. Yet from where most of the fans sit, there is only one personality around: Orr. No matter how you count it, Bobby is box-office; Bobby is television, Bobby is \$\$\$\$\$\$—for the owners, for himself, for the league, even for his fellow players.

In NHL cities where sellouts are not the rule, Orr always lures the largest crowds. It is no accident that Orr and the Bruins will be playing at Oakland this week as baseball's irrepressible Charlie Finley makes his hockey debut as owner of the Seals. In Eastern cities, where sellouts are the rule, some owners are riding along on Orr's skates to raise their ticket prices while holding down complaints.

Bobby Orr may, in fact, be the only reason why the NHL still has a nation-

al television contract. Although ratings went up 33% last year, the hockey telecasts, for the rights to which CBS paid less than a million, still failed to make a profit. "We've lost money every year," said a CBS executive, "but maybe with this kid Orr playing like he is we'll be able to break even or maybe make a little."

Almost singlehanded, Orr has made hockey a truly major league sport. When he came into the league in 1966 the average player salary was less than \$17,000, and even that of Gordie Howe—generally rated as the greatest player of all pre-Orr—was around \$50,000. And most hockey players did not even know what a lawyer was. Orr changed all that, thanks to his own lawyer, Alan Eagleston, who negotiated Bobby's first contract with the Bruins and formed the NHL Players' Association. Now, four years later, the average NHL salary is more than \$25,000; several players, including Howe and Bobby Hull, make \$100,000, and a surprisingly large number of players are signed at more than \$60,000. Dave Keon of the Toronto Maple Leafs didn't really mean it when he held out this year for \$125,000; but the \$65,000 he got was more money than he ever expected to see.

Knowing their stars get paid well, however, is not what brings the fans to a hockey

game. What they want and have to have is hockey. And so, though Bobby Orr is the man who plays it best, the cry on the ice is, paradoxically, "Stop Orr!" For unless you stop Orr, you can't stop the Bruins. And unless you stop the Bruins, or make a good try at it, you won't have any competition on the ice. But trying to stop Orr is one thing. Stopping him is quite another.

Ned Harkness, who graduated to Detroit this year as coach of the Red Wings after long, successful tenures at Cornell and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, suggests that the "only way to stop Orr is to shoot him." Short of that, most of the teams will try to assign a certain forward to check Orr bodily while he has the puck in the Boston end of the ice. "You must hit Orr early, take him out of play and then not let him back in," says Punch Imlach, who returns to the league this year as coach and general manager of the Buffalo Sabres after a year's sabbatical as a hockey writer. "Orr tends to get frustrated, and when he does he takes too many chances. That's the time for everybody else to capitalize."

Orr himself is aware of the Stop Orr campaign, but it does not seem to bother him. "Hey, we've got plenty of great scorers on the Bruins," he says. "We're not any one-man team. Stop one guy one night, and 10 others will beat you—

continued



DRAWINGS BY JOHN RUSZCZYK

old, should be charging once again. A helmet will now protect the broken scalp of Boston's burling Teddy Green and a mustache will adorn

the face of his teammate, Turk Sanderson. And after all the ice time he had last year, New York's Ed Giacomin will need a lot of rest.

Look at Phil Esposito. Who has ever stopped him? He scored 126 points two years ago and 99 points last year. We have too many guys on our club to stop."

Bobby is at least partly right. With Orr, Boston clearly is the strongest team in hockey as the 1970-71 season begins, and, when it ends, the Bruins should have won another Stanley Cup. Without Orr, who knows? But there are other uncertainties in the Boston picture. Teddy Green, who is returning to the lineup with a plate in his head and a helmet on it, so far seems something short of his old intimidating self. Tom Johnson, the former Montreal defenseman who was chosen to replace Harry Sinden (*page 38*) as coach, is new to that department of the game and he has a tough job to face.

"He's got pressure on him," says Derek Sanderson, the flamboyantly mustachioed Boston center. "How can he improve this club?" If the Bruins win, Johnson will get little credit because, after all, he inherited a winner. If they lose he will get most of the blame. "I've never coached before," Johnson says, "so I don't know what type of coach I'll be." Because he is a strong, silent defensive type, Johnson will probably try to make the Bruins play a more controlled, less robust style than they have the last few years. But that may not be possible.

Besides Orr, Boston's main strength will lie at center ice, where the Bruins have the best threesome in hockey—Esposito the goal scorer, Freddy Stanfield the playmaker and Sanderson the agitator.

The Canadiens? Well, last year the Canadiens missed the Stanley Cup playoffs for the first time in practically anyone's memory, and it's not too likely to happen again. "For this year I will accept second place," says Coach Claude Ruel, "but only if Boston finishes first." At Ruel's request the Canadiens have disposed of a few players he felt did not "contribute their all" to winning last year. "My players will play hockey for me or they will not play hockey in Montreal," Ruel says flatly. What the Canadiens need most, however, is more consistent goaltending by Rogatien Vachon. If Vachon fails to provide it, the Habs may try to pry Ken Dryden away from law school. He is a former Cornell University All-America whose physique—6'4", 215 pounds—covers most of the goal. "I cannot tell you how many games we did not win last year because of bad play in the goal," says Ruel. And, like all of hockey outside Boston, the Canadiens could use a superstar on the order of Rocket Richard, Howe Morenz, Doug Harvey, Boom Boom Geoffrion and others of whom aging Jean Beliveau is now the only reminder.

The New York Rangers led the East Division most of last season, then collapsed miserably and barely made the playoffs on the last day of the season. But, as always, the Rangers were eliminated from cup play in the first round. In the last four years New York has won only four playoff games and lost 16. The Ranger defense is one of the strongest in hockey, with 22-year-old Brad Park rated behind only Orr. Up

front the Rangers lack muscle on the wings, but they do have two exceptional centers, Jean Ratelle and Walt Tkaczuk. The Ranger season, though, will depend upon how General Manager-Coach Emile Francis uses Eddie Giacomin.

Giacomin invariably is the league's best goalie until the end of February, when he falls into a slump. Giacomin has convinced Francis, or maybe Francis has convinced Giacomin, that he can play most of the schedule. Last year Giacomin played 70 games, more than any other goalie in the league. In the old days, when the NHL was a six-team league, one goaltender was enough. Today, when teams play in Minnesota one night and in Boston the next, two goaltenders are mandatory. Both Francis and Giacomin now appear ready to admit this, so Gilles Villeneuve, the best goalie in the minors over the last few years, will probably play 20 games or so for New York. If he does, and does it well, the Rangers could win everything.

Detroit and Toronto will battle for the final playoff spot in the East. Harkness and the Wings lost their best defenseman when moody Carl Brewer decided to retire again, so Ned asked Gordie Howe, ready for his 25th season, to move back and play defense. Gordie, who can do anything, adjusted well but the Wings missed his goal scoring up front during the exhibition season, and Harkness may have to find another defenseman instead. Although Harkness, a stern disciplinarian, will try to have Detroit play a two-way game, the Wings again will be mostly an offensive club.

continued



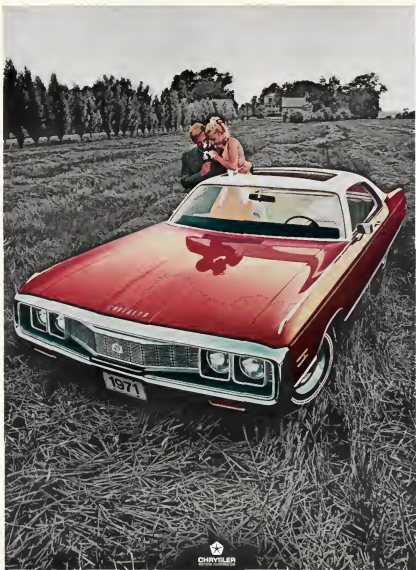
AS BEFORE, Philly's Flyers may look in vain for goals, and Bobby Hull will score them. Jack Kent Cooke and Larry Regan will join-

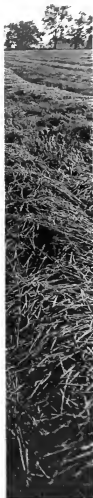
ly wear the Kings' crown, while Charlie Finley stages his Seal act in Oakland. In St. Louis season citizens will be banished to sing the Blues.

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Howe, Alex Delvecchio, starting his 20th year, and Frank Mahovlich form the strongest scoring line in the league, and Center Garry Unger collected 42 goals last year.

The faded Toronto Maple Leafs need at least another year of fertilizing before they are ready to grow green and tall again. Jacques Plante will strengthen the Leafs in goal—unless he suffers from puck exhaustion due to the fact that the Leafs have only two defensemen who played more than 50 games in the NHL last year and one may not be returning this year. Buffalo should beat out Vancouver in the struggle for sixth place, or maybe Vancouver will beat out Buffalo for seventh place. In either case Punch Imlach probably has the league's best rookie since Orr in 21-year-old Gilbert Perreault, a center who now would be replacing Jean Beliveau with the Canadiens if the old amateur player-protection rules had not been changed. Since the Sabres do not have a single defenseman who has played regularly enough to be called a veteran, Goaltie Roger Crozier, who has had stomach problems before, will probably get them again.

Vancouver, meanwhile, has only one player who scored more than 10 goals in the league last year—Ray Cullen. Still, Coach Hal Laycoe may find the Canucks a considerable improvement over the Los Angeles King squad he coached for a while.

Although there should be some com-

petition for first place in the East, there will be no rivalry whatsoever in the West. The Chicago Black Hawks—Bobby Hull, Stan Mikita, Tony Esposito, Keith Magnuson, Pat Martin, Pat Stapleton, etc.—won the East Division championship last year and should win the West before the season gets fairly under way. "But we still have to play the games," means Bobby Hull, and that about says it.

Somewhere behind them, but not very close behind, should be Minnesota's North Stars. For years they have had talent without stability behind their bench. Now Wren Blair has signed a permanent coach, Jackie Gordon, who may well bring the Stars to their potential. Gordon will have at least five former Canadians in his lineup, including Goaltender Gump Worsley, who has signed the best contract of his career. Gump gets a \$37,000 salary, \$3,600 for living expenses, \$500 for each win, \$250 for each tie and \$100 for each shutout. In U.S. dollars, too.

The Stars should finish ahead of the St. Louis Blues, who also have a new coach, Al Arbour, and half a dozen new young players, including former Denver University All-American George Morrison. Coach Arbour's toughest job will be finding a replacement for himself on defense.

The Pittsburgh Penguins, Philadelphia Flyers and Oakland Seals all are about evenly matched in the dogfight for the

fourth and final playoff spot, while the Los Angeles Kings again will trail along on the end. One of Coach Red Kelly's toughest duties will be to keep his Penguins from worrying about their paychecks. The club is for sale—anyone with \$7.5 million can buy it—and, in the end, the franchise might be transferred to someplace like Atlanta. Philadelphia will offer its usually sound defense, backed by Bernie Parent in goal, but the Flyers still do not have either a consistent goal scorer or good scoring balance. They missed the playoffs last year by scoring only one goal in their last three games.

Oakland now belongs to Finley, who planned to have his new Seals wear white boots on their skates until someone told him they would look footless on television. How will they finish? See baseball's yearbooks.

Larry Regan, the general manager of the Kings a year ago, made some, well, strange trades late in the season, giving up his goalie, Gerry Desjardins, and his best defenseman, Bill White, among others. Then he convinced Jack Kent Cooke, the Kings' owner whose affection for Regan can be traced to a business connection, that he should coach the team, too. "I am completely familiar with our problems," Regan said.

That's a good thing—because big-league hockey this year has lots of problems. Which brings us right back to Bobby Orr.

CONTINUED



A COOL \$125,000 is what Toronto's Dave Keon wanted for another season as Gump Worsley's beer-barrel belly went to Minnesota. Pittsburgh's Penguins went begging, while Gordie Howe grew older and wiser in Detroit. That's Ned Hartnett, a college boy, telling him how.

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NO ROOM AT THE TOP FOR ME

Even before he brought the Bruins to their Stanley Cup triumph, Boeton's young coach knew he would not be around long to share their success. Here he tells about winning—and quitting **by HARRY SINDEN with MARK MULVOY**



I don't imagine many people thought I meant it last May when, three days after we won the Stanley Cup, I announced I was quitting as coach of the Boston Bruins. I mean, a 37-year-old coach doesn't walk away from a team that has just won the top spot in hockey. A 37-year-old coach doesn't leave a team almost certain to dominate his sport for the next decade. A 37-year-old coach doesn't turn his back on a team that has Bobby Orr on it. So most people thought my resignation was simply some

sort of ploy designed to force the Bruins to offer me a better contract.

Forget it. I have never liked coyness, and I have never negotiated when I felt I was in a solid position. The fact is, I knew halfway through the 1969-70 season that no matter what happened—Stanley Cup or no Stanley Cup—I would not be coaching the Bruins for another year.

Why? Money. How much money?

Five thousand dollars. It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it, but let me explain. Before Christmas last year I went to see

Milt Schmidt, the Bruins' general manager, and asked him if we could discuss my contract for the 1970-71 season. At the time I was working out the second year of my second two-year contract. Milt said, "Yeah, sure," and he asked me what I wanted—how many years and how much money.

I told him a one-year contract would be long enough and that I thought I deserved an \$8,000 raise. Believe me, an \$8,000 raise was not going to make me rich.

Milt indicated I was asking for far too much money but said he would discuss it with Wesly (Weston W. Adams Jr., the 26-year-old president of the Bruins). A few days later Milt told me that an \$8,000 raise was out of the question. He offered me \$3,000 instead.

"Milt," I said, "am I to assume this is as high as the Bruins will go?"

"Yes," he said.

For a long time I had entertained doubts about Harry Sinden's future with the Bruin organization, and this incident was the clincher. To me, a coach is a member of the club staff, not a hired hand. The Bruins obviously thought otherwise—and that was that.

As I look back now, I realize I should have known all along that coaching the Bruins offered little long-range security. When I look over in 1966 the team had missed the playoffs for seven years straight. They were established losers. When I arrived in Boston after four years as a minor league coach in the Bruin organization, I told the newspaper writers that I was "mildly optimistic" about making the playoffs that year. It was an overstatement. When the schedule started I realized I had few reasons for any kind of optimism. That 1966 team lacked size and continuity of lines. Most of the players were under 5' 10", and small players never do very well in the corners or around the net, the places where hockey games are won or lost. We had smorgasbord lines. Everybody played with everybody else, and nobody ever got to know his linemates. We did have Bobby Orr, but he was just an 18-year-old rookie. This was chaos, as you might imagine. I began to realize just how important keeping your lines together was late in the year when Montreal and New York came into the Boston Garden and skated the same three lines they had used to skate circles around us on their first trip into Boston at the start of the schedule.

I made plenty of coaching mistakes that first year, no doubt about it. For some reason I tried to play a strong forechecking game when I did not have the talent to do so. Little guys generally are not good forecheckers. What I should have done is play an opportunistic, waiting game—the style the St. Louis Blues have used so well the last three years. But I learned that a 34-year-old coach doesn't know everything about the NHL.

Fortunately I had Tom Johnson to help me. Tom is now the Bruin coach, but at that time he was finishing out his playing career in Boston after an outstanding term with the Canadiens. Sull my best friend, he served me then not only as guide, but as brother confessor and right arm as well.

Although the Bruins finished sixth that year, and missed the playoffs for the eighth straight time, the future looked reasonably bright, mostly because Bobby Orr had given ample evidence of the exceptional player he was to become. Bobby was the most heralded amateur in hockey history, and everybody had waited eagerly to see what he would do in the NHL. Well, he was spectacular, despite the fact he played for the worst team in the league.

The tough guys in the NHL all tested Orr early, and he responded to the challenges. I remember vividly his first confrontation with Gordie Howe. Bobby roared around behind the Detroit goal with his head down and Howe promptly flattened him—very legally. Bobby collapsed to the ice with his wind knocked out. When he came around I debated taking him off the ice, but I sensed it was important to Bobby that he stay out there. On the next Detroit rush Howe came down the right wing, took a shot and skated behind the Bruins' goal. Bobby was there to meet him. Wham! Orr was all knees and arms as he slammed Howe into the boards—very legitimately, mind you. Gordie was smiling when he got up, and Bobby was, too. I'm certain that Howe respected Orr for what he did. Hockey is a two-way game; play it only one way and you will be run out of the league.

If Orr had a fault that rookie year it was that he tried to do too much on the ice and, consequently, wasted a lot of motion. But so what. The kid was only 18 years old, and already he was on the All-Star team. What more could you ask?

Thanks largely to Bobby, I had plenty of reason to be hopeful about the Bruins—at least on the ice. Off the ice things were not so smooth. The Bruin management and I were frequently at odds. There was, for instance, the way a crucial trade with the Chicago Black Hawks was handled.

I was at the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario one night in May

of 1967, presenting athletic awards to the graduates, when I was called into the kitchen of the mess hall to take a long-distance call from Boston. It was one of the Bruin officials, and he told me that management had agreed to trade some of our players for Chicago's Phil Esposito, Ken Hodge and Freddy Stanfield. He wasn't asking me about it. He was telling me. "Harry," he said, "this is it."

I was angry. Until the call I was not even aware the Bruins were discussing a trade with the Black Hawks. And I was hurt, too. Granted, I was glad to get Esposito, Stanfield and Hodge—three strong, aggressive guys—so I wasn't as upset as I might have been. But it was a poor way for a team to do business. I would have to coach the new players, so I should have been involved in the trade talks. This was the first time that I realized a Bruin coach was not a member of management's inner circle.

But I did know one thing that seemed certain to improve the atmosphere in the near future: the Bruins planned to fire General Manager Hap Emms. Hap and I were in total disagreement about how a hockey team should be run. He did not believe, for instance, that the players should have any freedom on the ice, whereas I maintained that a coach sets the guidelines but lets his athletes play the game. Emms also was a strict disciplinarian, while I felt discipline should be applied with discretion.

There is no simple rule to follow. Teams have won with strict discipline and lost with it; they have won with loose discipline and lost with it. The important thing is shared trust and confidence. I wanted my players to give me a decent shake the night before a game and I, in turn, would be out of sight when the game was over. A coach can't spy on players having a few beers after a game and say, "Gosh, are you guys drinking?" That type of coach does not last very long in any professional sport.

When the Bruins reported to training camp in London, Ontario to get ready for the 1967-68 season, things were definitely looking up. Esposito and Stanfield seemed certain to stabilize our previously weak center-ice position, and Hodge would provide muscle and scoring ability on the right wing. Orr was already a veteran at the age of 19, and Defenseman Teddy Green apparently was

continued

healthy again after two injury-filled seasons. It was at that training camp that the modern-day Boston Bruins—the Big, Bad Bruins, as everybody later called us—were born.

This is what happened. First of all, with the new players we were able to establish two set lines. Esposito centered one of them for Hodge and veteran Ron Murphy. Stanfield centered the other for Johnny Bucyk and Johnny McKenzie. Next, in a move I felt was very significant, I paired Don Awrey, a young defenseman who had bounced between Boston and the minor leagues, with Teddy Green. Until that time Green and Awrey were not too compatible. Green demands aggressiveness, and until Awrey was paired with him, Don did not play with the toughness he needed to survive in the NHL. Being with Green put Awrey in a spot where he had to play to Green's standards—or else. This worked wonders. Green always has been the unofficial team leader of the Bruins. He inspires players to be more courageous than they are. They simply don't want Teddy to think they don't want to mix it. They don't want him to say, "The s.o.b. is chicken," so they make sure they're not. Together Awrey and Green played very tough, solid defense for two years, and it was not surprising to me

that Awrey's play deteriorated when Green was sidelined with a head injury.

While this was happening, a cocky 21-year-old from Niagara Falls, Ontario came along and won the center position on the third line. Originally I had thought Derek Sanderson would need at least a year in the minors before he made the NHL. But Turk moved right in at camp, got involved in some scraps, played well and easily won himself a job. He has since earned himself a reputation as a hard-to-handle kid, but as far as I am concerned a player is hard to handle only when he won't do what you want him to on the ice. Derek gave me a few headaches because of his tardiness for practice, and sometimes I had to provide him with a tie to wear when we were traveling, but on the ice he gave 100%, and became the best face-off man in the NHL.

Derek's fast development at the 1967 camp enabled me to add a strong third line to the other two—with Sanderson centering for Eddie Westfall, one of our old reliables, and aggressive Eddie Shack, whom we had obtained from the Toronto Maple Leafs. Now we had three solid lines, three more than we had during my first year as coach. My defense was sound, too, with Green paired with Awrey and Orr with Dallas Smith. In

goal we had Gerry Cheevers and Eddie Johnston, who would be dependable, I thought, if not spectacular.

With only three exceptions—Cashman for Murphy on Esposito's line, Wayne Carleton for Shack on Sanderson's line and Rick Smith for Green last year—the team assembled in London in 1967 was the team that won the Stanley Cup in 1970. I say *team* with emphasis, because at that camp the Bruins became a real team rather than a collection of individuals. The players began to establish personal rapport with one another. They understood they might be the butt of a joke at any time. When a player did protest about a joke or got mad on the ice Johnny McKenzie would kid him by lying down and kicking his feet in a mock tantrum.

I remember once a couple of players were feuding with each other, and Orr, a real togetherness man, called them to the center of the dressing room before a game and offered them their choice of weapons—a miniature set of boxing gloves, a miniature cannon, a rubber knife or a water pistol. Suddenly the feud was over. This was all in line with the old Vince Lombardi notion that your teammate is all-important.

Now that we had a team we had to establish an identity. The Bruins had been in the NHL cellar for so long that nobody believed we could become a winning hockey team. To give ourselves a winning image we had to come out like Gangbusters in 1967—and we did. We had good size—most of our players were about 6' tall—so we played a very robust style. Sure, we gave up a few more goals than we should have, but we were winning and we were having fun doing it. We put on the most entertaining games in the league that year, and we've been doing it ever since. We finished third that season, but bombed out to Montreal in four straight playoff games. That was all right, too. We simply were not ready to win the cup.

Next year we were leading the East Division for much of the season, but one night both Green and Orr were injured in a game against the Toronto Maple Leafs. We lost the championship to Montreal on the final weekend of the season, and we lost to the Canadiens in the semifinal round of the cup playoffs. Those were the most disappointing days of my career as coach. We led the Ca-



A LEGEND WHILE STILL A TEEN-AGER, BOBBY ORR RUSHED BOSTON TO A CUP

continued

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nadiens by a goal in the final 90 seconds of the first two games in Montreal, and each time they rallied and won in overtime. The sixth—and final—game of that series went into a second 20-minute sudden-death period before the Canadiens won on a Jean Beliveau goal.

Then came the season of 1969-70. At last we were ready to make it all work. We were practically unbeatable at home in the Boston Garden, which is a tough rink for visitors. The balconies at the Garden hang over the ice, and every comment from above can be heard. I learned this my first year when a fan yelled down from the heavens, "Hey, Sinden, there's a bus leaving for Oklahoma City in the morning. Be under it."

This was the situation—the high crest of a winning wave—when I decided to see Milt Schmidt and discuss my contract for the forthcoming year. When I left his office after being told that my request for an \$8,000 raise was out of line, I was confused, to say the least. I now see that I was foolish to have hoped things might be different. The Bruin management and I were not in tune. Besides the lack of communication apparent during the Esposito deal, there were other indications of disharmony. For example, I learned that sometimes when I fined a player for some offense the club did not deduct the amount of the fine from his paycheck. This made me look ridiculous to the players, who knew they could violate my rules without losing their money.

These things were in my mind when I left Schmidt's office that day in December, and they caused me to make a decision almost without knowing it. I had a close friend named David Stirling in Avon, N.Y., a suburb of Rochester. Dave and I had grown up together in Toronto, and he and his brother William had formed the Stirling-Homex Corp., which manufactured modular dwelling units. Dave had been after me for some time to come to Avon and see what his company was doing. He also had talked to me about working for him in the off season. A couple of days after my meeting with Schmidt I called Dave and told him I wanted to get out of the hockey business. Two days before Christmas we got together in Rochester and worked out an agreement that not only was attractive financially, but also offered me a promising future.

I did not sign anything, but I considered myself verbally committed to Stirling-Homex. However, I was still the coach of the Boston Bruins, and my only job at the moment was to guide them into a league championship and on to win the Stanley Cup. I gave that task everything I had, and my players did likewise. We tied Chicago for first place in total points but lost the championship because the Black Hawks had five more victories. But the Stanley Cup playoffs made up for the disappointment and perfectly climaxed my career as coach of the Boston Bruins.

Unlike the regular season, when you often play a different team in successive games, the cup playoffs pit teams head to head for a minimum of four games, a maximum of seven. This gives teams the chance to adopt particular strategies not practical during the regular season. Here in brief is how we won the cup.

In the first round we played the New York Rangers and won the series 4-2. We wanted to establish ourselves physically at the start, which we did, because in three years we had never lost a "physical game." Our plans were: 1) forecheck persistently against the Rangers' defensemen, all of whom were excellent puck carriers, and prevent them from initiating any type of offense; and 2) fire away at Goalie Ed Giacomin at every possible opportunity. We felt that Giacomin was overworked and tired.

We won the first two games in Boston, physical contests in which we controlled the New York defensemen. In the third and fourth games we allowed the Ranger defensemen too much movement, and we lost both. However, we regrouped and won the fifth and sixth games to take the series.

Couch-Manager Emsie Francis of the Rangers said that Orr was the difference. But Orr is always a difference, because no player in hockey can match him. In that series I felt a more important difference was Gerry Cheevers, our goalie.

Next, in the East Division's final series, we swept the Chicago Black Hawks four straight. We figured that, despite all the new things Chicago was doing, such as playing very tight defense and back-checking, the only way to beat the Hawks was to stop Hull and Mikita, and that we did.

We had Eddie Westfall to stop Hull,

something Eddie does better than anyone in the NHL. Eddie is smart. He doesn't aggravate Bobby. He doesn't stay too close to him. He circles around, but always is in position when Hull gets the puck. Stopping Mikita was a tougher proposition, since it is almost impossible to shadow a center the way you can shadow a wing. The secret to stopping Mikita, we felt, was in covering his wings. Sean is a great playmaker, so we wanted to prevent him from making good passes to his outlets. To achieve this we had our wings check closely against Mikita's wings, a tactic that worked perfectly. We felt that if we stopped Hull and Mikita, Chicago did not have enough to stop us. Nobody had stopped our offense in three years.

We routed the Black Hawks, and then we beat St. Louis in four straight games to win a Stanley Cup for Boston for the first time in 29 years. Most of the Bruins' games against the Blues during the past three years had been close, but playing St. Louis a four-of-seven series was easier than playing St. Louis once a month.

The Blues tried to shadow Orr, but that left one of our wings uncovered. It was no coincidence that Left Wing Johnny Bucyk scored three goals in the first playoff game. What we did to beat the Blues so decisively was this: we sent our own wingmen wide on their defensemen all the time, and instructed our centers to make wide passes. We knew the St. Louis defense was slow. Their defensemen were tough inside, where they did not have to maneuver to break up a play, but they did not have a chance against busting wingmen, and we sent our wings wide all during the series.

So the Bruins won the cup. Three days later I told the management I was leaving and all they said was, "O.K., we don't want to stand in your way." Not that I planned to stay, anyway. It was obvious to me that what I thought all along was 100% correct. The Bruins weren't very interested in Harry Sinden's future. There was no doubt in my mind that the decision I had made at Christmas—the decision to quit the Bruins at the end of the season—was the right one. I'll miss hockey, I know that. It was my life for more than 20 years. But I'm leaving as a winner—the coach of the Stanley Cup champions—and that is the way to go. **END**

Did the students riot when Coach **Bob Delle** missed that the football team get haircuts? Did they burn down Twist (Wash.) High School, demonstrate, strike or maybe seize the principal's office? No. The boys went out and got crew cuts. Then they swept up all the hair and had it stuffed into a maze pillow for the coach.

■ We might as well get set for more motorcycle movies:

Robert Redford has finished *Little Fists and Big Hugs*, a wath-of him about two guys rooming around the motorcycle-racing circuit. It is full of gritty realism, and while Redford did a lot of his own racing scenes he is not all that crazy about it. Cycling is fun, he says, but skiing is better. Which makes Redford sort of an *Uneasy Rider*.

And what of **Barbra Streisand**, the delicate flower of *Fanny Hill*? Her latest is *The Owl and the Pussycat*, and in part of that film she dons black leathers and crash helmet and appears with a mean 750-cc Harley. Barbra plays a down-on-her-luck go-go dancer and part-time prostitute, or what

one movie wag calls a "folk hooker" for short.

Be assured that this is all pretty adult fare, in tune with the times. Whatever became of that sweet, lovable innocent character played by Marlon Brando?

It was time for Coach **Hank Stram**'s press conference following the Denver-Kansas City game and, "This place is as good as any," he announced—leading the gentlemen of the press into the gentlemen's room.

"The sentence you will receive is due in great part to consideration given you by the victim and his family. Much more consideration than you gave him when you hit him in the head with a baseball bat." So said Judge **Frank Shea**, suspending **Grady Earl**'s sentence of two years at hard labor for attacking Umpire **Michael Dessauer** at a New Orleans Recreation Department kids' baseball game. The 36-year-old Earl, father of one of the little players, was ordered to pay medical expenses, reimburse Dessauer for loss of wages and to stay away from him for two years. Also from future kids'

games, because, "It seems," said Judge Shea, "that you have lost all perspective about the purpose behind 8-year-olds playing ball."

Listen now to a TV network flack plugging **Roosevelt Grier**'s role as a pianist on the **Danny Thomas** show. "Rosie is almost as facile on the 88 as he was with a football." Swell. Now listen to the ex-Ram lifterman tell it like it really is: "I rowed a football a few times," he says. "Never scored a touchdown. I did get a safety once, in high school." And about that piano: "I don't try to go out and kill nobody with my piano playing. I handle the piano about like I do a football."

Meanwhile, over on the other set, **Johany Bench** is arriving for a part in *Mission: Impossible*. He is greeted by a tape recording: "Good morning, Mr. Bench. We are filming a *Mission: Impossible* and would like to have you participate. Your mission, John, should you choose to accept it, is to perform the duties of a military officer. As always, should you flop, the studio will disavow any knowledge of your activities and avoid baseball players in future castings. This tape will self-destruct in five seconds. Good luck, John."

Everybody remembers the hare and the tortoise? Well, the people at Chicago's Brookfield Zoo staged a three-tortoise race and clocked **Peter** and **George** cartwheeling over the 2½-block course in 3:54.10 and 3:54.20, respectively. A hare would have had his best run against **Weasner** in this version of the old shell game. He had to be carried across the finish line.

In New York the papers reported that one **Gregorio Contreras** hit for \$100,000 in the official state lottery, but it took 24 hours to find him. "The people from the lottery, they want me to be

there when the ticket is drawn—they want me to get up at 8 o'clock! But you know, on my day off I like to sleep late," Contreras was quoted as explaining. O.K., but where was he all the rest of that time? "On playing Parcheesi with a friend." Probably didn't want to quit while he was ahead.

FRIDAY

The Washington State U. football team arrives in Eugene to meet Oregon U.

FRIDAY NIGHT

Theft breaks into their motel, steals WSU Photographer **Bob Bulfin**'s \$2,000 movie camera, Head Coach **Jim Sweeney**'s pants, plus wallet and \$40, another \$40 belonging to Offensive Line Coach **Jim Erkenbeck** and Athletic Director **Stan Bates**' peanuts. A 53-jar.

SATURDAY

WSU loses game

MORAY

Right. There's no place like home games.

Nessie III

When last we left *Nessie*, the world's favorite monster was still hiding on the bottom of Loch Ness, avoiding the crew from the Belmont (Mass.) Academy of Applied Science. Now we're in as the academy's **Robert Rines** and **Tim Dinsdale**, of the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau, are out there in a small boat. They are trailing plastic jugs filled with concentrated salmon oil and other stuff that International Flavors & Fragrances Inc. has bottled for them. The jugs are full of holes to let the goop leak out slowly. Then, suddenly, both Rines and Dinsdale realize that they are *hiding* for Nessie—and that if they get a strike, it is liable to be an absolute dandy. "They both turned green and headed right back to shore," reports Carol Hurley, Rines' secretary. Atta girl, monster. The score is now Nessie 3, Academy 0. It begins to look like a sweep.



The case against Tuesday.

There is a small but vocal element in our midst which thinks this Tuesday thing (as you know, we have appointed Tuesday the day to drink Teacher's Scotch) is a lot of tomfoolery.



This group feels strongly that we should place our advertising emphasis on Teacher's uniquely mellow flavour and its distinguished Highland lineage.

They may well be right. We have therefore grudgingly agreed to an impartial research study to compare the merits of the two approaches.

But don't make any other plans for Tuesday.



Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous

Upside down and over with the Coast crazies

On a madcap day out West the Jim Plunkett Indians declined to lose to favored Southern California, and the UCLA Bruins failed to defeat underdog Oregon. That means Stanford should go to the Rose Bowl—maybe

Well, Jim Plunkett, it was worth sticking around for, wasn't it? Plunkett could have graduated from Stanford with his class last June and moved right in as quarterback of the Philadelphia Eagles, as indeed he will next fall. But with a year of athletic eligibility left, Plunkett chose to remain in school, and not the least of his reasons was a last crack at Southern Cal. In Plunkett's sophomore and junior seasons the Trojans had edged Stanford in thrilling games, 27-24 and 26-24, and both times they had gone on to the Rose Bowl. Last week in Palo Alto,

Plunkett again led his Indians to 24 points, but this time USC scored only 14. It was Stanford's first victory over the Trojans since 1957 and, coupled with Oregon's wild 41-40 upset of UCLA, it means that Jim Plunkett will probably get to show his stuff in the Rose Bowl.

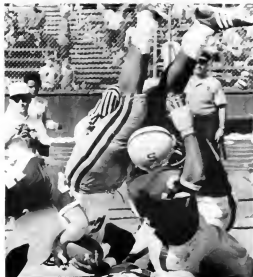
The game had been a sellout for weeks, which in Palo Alto means 90,000 people, and Stanford's surprising loss to Purdue the week before did nothing to lessen local interest. As a matter of fact, the upset by Purdue was an indication of how much Stanford was looking ahead

to USC. "We weren't exactly overlooking Purdue," said Plunkett, "but we planned to play through them and peak for USC. Preparing for the Trojans, we only suited up once all week. We had done our physical training the previous week." It is also a fact that Coach John Ralston held five players out of the Purdue game to be certain their minor injuries would be healed for USC.

The Purdue game had its own effect on the Trojans, USC Scout Joe Margucci watched the game and said it wasn't worth reporting back to Coach John McKay. "Stanford's mental attitude was not right," he noted. "They didn't play their game." But Margucci made the mistake of bringing back his scouting report anyway. Purdue had used seven, even eight, defenders in the secondary to guard against Plunkett's passes, and USC decided to try it, too. It was not to work.

The day before the game a bomb threat added to the already charged atmosphere. A group of Weathermen, claiming to be a part of the same outfit that blew up a Marin County courtroom last week, warned that Stanford Stadium was next on the list. All night long police and officials searched the stadium. Nothing was found. At the game extra guards stopped every person carrying anything larger than a flask. Some 4,000 fans decided to stay away. Shortly before kickoff the new Stanford president, Richard Lyman, spoke on the public-address system. "Regarding the bomb threat," he said, "every precaution has been taken for your safety. No one is disposed to ignore this type of a threat, yet black-mail must not be allowed to paralyze a nation or an institution. If it once becomes established that such tactics can succeed, we shall have magnified the capacity of a malicious few to sabotage society." And on that cheery note the game began.

Stanford scored the third time it got



USC'S ROD McNEILL SCORES WEST COAST-STYLE AGAINST STANFORD, BUT TO NO AVAIL

the hall. When USC triple-covered Receiver Randy Vataha, known as The Rabbit, Plunkett found Tight End Bob Moore in the clear and hit him on a 50-yard pass play. Steve Horowitz kicked the extra point—something he had failed to do against USC last year, with disastrous consequences.

Stanford scored again in the second period and retired at halftime leading 14-0, which probably left a lot of skeptics wondering how in the world the Indians would blow it this year. As any veteran Stanford rooter knows, a lead over USC means nothing. In 1968 Stanford led 7-3 in the second quarter and again 24-17 in the third, but then O.J. scored his third touchdown of the game and Ron Ayala kicked a 34-yard field goal. Sorry, Stanford.

Last year the Indians had all sorts of leads, 6-0 in the first quarter (as Horowitz missed his extra point), 12-0 in the second (Stanford failing in its try for a two-point conversion), 15-14 in the third, 21-20 in the fourth and 24-23 with time left for only one play. But that one play was a field goal by Ayala—34 yards, just like the year before—and again Stanford left the field as loser. So nobody around Palo Alto was making any reservations for Pasadena in January over a little old 14-0 halftime lead.

Sure enough, USC came roaring out in the third quarter and marched 74 yards to make the score 14-7. Plunkett rallied his team, completing four consecutive passes that included a 34-yarder to Vataha. Jackie Brown crashed over from the one to make it 21-7 but, with still more than four minutes left in the game, USC Quarterback Jimmy Jones threw a 17-yard pass to Bob Chandler to cut the lead to seven again.

So now every Stanford fan knew what would happen. Plunkett would have one intercepted, USC would score. An on-side kick, USC recovers and, with one second left on the clock, Ayala kicks a field goal—34 yards, of course.

Not quite. Plunkett did pass, and the pass was *nearly* intercepted by Walt Fairor. The ball flicked Fairor's fingertips but dropped into the arms of Bob Moore. The completion took the ball into USC territory, from where Horowitz kicked a field goal to make it 24-14 and erase the bitter memory of last year's missed extra point. Now there was nothing in the tradition of USC-Stanford games that USC could call upon, no way to

score 10 points with no time left. And so Stanford won what Jim Plunkett had called "the most important thing of the season to me."

Having beaten USC at last, Stanford is a favorite to play in the Rose Bowl, and yet anyone who has followed the fortunes of the Indians knows that they have a curious fondness for tripping over small pebbles. Pebbles such as Washington State this week. But maybe this year will be different. Their transports of joy after last week's game did not prevent the Stanford players from fashioning a motto to last them the rest of the season—"Remember Purdue." Besides, Jim Plunkett didn't stay around an extra year just to beat USC and then go to the Rose Bowl.

omore quarterback, Lex James, received a smothering welcome into the Southwest Conference. He was unable to avoid the attentions of Texas Tech's defense as the Red Raiders won 21-7. James threw four interceptions to Bruce Bushong, Jerry Watson, Dale Rebold and Mike Watkins and afterward he said: "I personally stopped us." The Aggies failed to get a first down until only five minutes were left in the first half, thanks mainly to Tech Linebacker Larry Molinar and Tackle Bob Mooney, who combined for 19 tackles. Offensively, Coach Jim Carlen's winners were led by Quarterback Charles Napper (12 of 14 passes for 116 yards) and Fullback Miles Langehen (88 yards on 21 carries). Said Carlen, "We are not a great team now, but we are working toward that."

WEST

1. STANFORD (4-1)
2. USC (3-1-1)
3. AIR FORCE (5-0)

The Stanford-USC game was a thriller—for Indian fans, anyway—but the one between UCLA and Oregon was wilder. With only 4:38 remaining UCLA was sitting on a 19-point lead (40-21), and even Bruin Coach Tommy Prothro was feeling good about the situation. "I didn't think we could lose it," he admitted later. What came next was a finish that none of the 44,722 fans in the Los Angeles Coliseum will soon forget. Oregon scored three quick touchdowns and made off with a 41-40 victory. What happened to the Bruins? "I don't know," said Prothro. "I've never been involved in a game like that."

Well, Tommy, your trouble began when Tom Blanchard came in at quarterback for Oregon. He was supposed to do little more than run out the clock, but instead threw for two quick TDs. Suddenly Oregon was in the game. Then UCLA's reserve quarterback, Jim Nader, fumbled a prehand, and Oregon's Delton Lewis recovered on the Bruin 40. In came Oregon's sophomore quarterback, Dan Fouts. With only 30 seconds left he threw a 15-yard pass to Greg Specht for the winning TD. "I had all day to throw," said Fouts, "and he had all day to catch." In the UCLA dressing room Prothro was understandably depressed ("I thought all week it would be a wild one, but never did I expect such a wild one"), but perhaps the most dejected man was UCLA's quarterback, Dennis Dummet, whose fine passing game—227 yards and three TDs—went for naught.

The chilly, snowy weather in Colorado Springs forced fans to begin leaving in the

continued

THE WEEK

by WILLIAM F. REED

SOUTHWEST

1. TEXAS (4-0)
2. ARKANSAS (4-1)
3. TEXAS TECH (4-1)

For all you fans who liked last year's Texas-Arkansas game, here is some good news: it looks as if this year's game on Dec. 5 in Austin might be just as exciting. The Longhorns (*year 18*) appear to be as mean as ever, and if you haven't checked out Arkansas since its opening loss to Stanford, you had better take another look. Last week, for instance, it took the Razorbacks almost a half to get revved up, but then they zapped Baylor 41-7 to regain the widest margin of victory in their long series.

With time running out in the first half Arkansas had only two field goals and a 6-0 lead. But the Razorbacks' monster man, Bobby Field, intercepted a pass to set up Bill Burnett's scoring plunge, and Quarterback Bill Montgomery ran over a two-point conversion to send the Razorbacks on their way. When Burnett (109 yards on 27 carries, two TDs) was not making big gains through the Baylor line Montgomery was making them aloft. And then there was Archie. No, not the one from Ole Miss. Archie Bennett is the Arkansas center who heads up the second offensive unit known as Archie's Heroes. They got two TDs late in the game.

In College Station, Texas A&M's soph-

second quarter, and it also put a damper on both Air Force and Tulane. The Falcons won 24-3, but their passing game, lops in the nation, was virtually grounded, and Quarterback Bob Parker threw four interceptions. Many of the Tulane players, meanwhile, were seeing snow for the first time. But what hurt Tulane more than the snow was Air Force's blitzing defense, which caught the Green Wave quarterbacks for losses 13 times. The most ferocious Falcon was Middle Guard Billy (The Guevier) Mayfield, who guessed right more often than not. He made 14 unassisted tackles.

Arizona State played like the Keystone Kops but still took Washington State 37-30, to remain unbeaten. Coach Frank Kush's team lost the ball eight times on four fumbles, three interceptions, and one muffed punt) and did not clinch the game until the last minute, when Winiford Hall intercepted a pass and returned it 65 yards for a touchdown.

In Seattle the fans were second-guessing Washington Coach Jim Owens after his team's loss to California. Trailing 31-28 with six minutes to play, the Huskies had a fourth-and-six situation on the Cal 15. On the sidelines was Steve Wozniakowski, whose kicking record this season boasts 17 conversions and no misses, as well as a 35-yard field goal on his only attempt. But Owens elected to go for a touchdown—and Tight End Ace Bulger dropped Sonny Slaughter's pass in the end zone. Said Owens: "I never thought of going for the field goal. I was sure we would get the touchdown."

SOUTH

1. MISSISSIPPI (4-0)
2. AUBURN (4-0)
3. LSU (3-1)

Those fans who left the Florida-Florida State game early missed an aerial act by State's Gary Huff, a substitute sophomore quarterback. With his team trailing 38-7 and only seven minutes left, Huff came off the bench for his first varsity action. What he did in three minutes of actual playing time was complete eight of 15 passes for 230 yards and three touchdowns. "Well, at least they won't be redshirting me," said Gary. His performance followed one by Florida's John Reeves that was Reeves' best of the year. John completed 13 of 22 passes for 244 yards and two TDs—including a school-record 81-yard scoring pass to Jim Vancey—and was mainly responsible for the Gators' 38-27 victory.

For the first time in 22 years the stadium at Chapel Hill was sold out, but the extra voices were not quite enough to prevent

North Carolina from losing an important Atlantic Coast Conference game to South Carolina 35-21. It was the Tar Heels' first loss in five starts, and the decisive play hinged on the arm of a Gamecock substitute. With the score 21-all late in the final period, Coach Paul Dietzel put in sophomore Jackie Young, who obligingly threw a 50-yard pass to Jim Mitchell to set up a score. Gamecock Safety Bo Davies intercepted a pass to kill North Carolina's last hope. "I was real impressed," said Dietzel.

In Athens, Georgia's Bulldogs had favored Ole Miss on the run, but they went to sleep on one play in the fourth quarter, and Archie Manning ultimately drove the Rebels to a 31-21 victory. With the score 21-apiece the Bulldogs failed to touch an Ole Miss kick-off. The Rebels claimed the ball at the Georgia seven and Cloyde Hinton kicked a field goal. Manning then put the game out of Georgia's reach with a nine-yard TD pass to Jim Poole.

For the record, Archie completed 16 of 30 passes for 244 yards and three TDs, and he ran eight times for 32 yards and another score. But he also had three interceptions, and two led directly to Georgia touchdowns. "We played well enough to win," said Georgia Coach Vince Dooley. "It just seemed that when Manning had to get something done he did it." Afterward Ole Miss Coach Johnny Vaughn closed the dressing room to reporters, and two policemen escorted Manning to the team bus.

Over in Atlanta, Tennessee stopped Georgia Tech's streak at four straight, 17-6. Both teams made many mistakes: Tennessee lost five fumbles and Tech's sophomore quarterback, Eddie McAshan, threw four interceptions, running his total to 12 for the year. The Vols scored first on Bobby Scott's 14-yard pass to Joe Thompson and led 17-0 before Tech finally got on the scoreboard in the first period. In fairness to Tech it should be noted that Tailback Brent Cunningham was injured on the opening kick-off. "That made us change our entire game plan," said Coach Bud Carson, "and there just wasn't time to adjust."

Clemson's stadium is known as Death Valley to a number of visitors, but last week Auburn went into the pit and out again with a 44-0 victory. It was the worst loss ever inflicted on Clemson in its home valley. Quarterback Pat Sullivan and the rest of Auburn's first team played the first quarter and through one TD march in the second, then spent the rest of the afternoon watching from the bench as Coach Shug Jordan used all 65 players on the traveling squad. Sullivan and his crew scored all four times they had the ball, with Sullivan passing for one touchdown and scoring twice himself. "It was our best game of the season," said Jordan, while Clemson Coach Hootie Ingram moaned, "I didn't get them ready."

Playing on a bad knee that has kept him out of games and practice, Houston's Gary Mullins led the Cougars to a 31-14 win over Mississippi State, hitting 41 of 16 passes for 173 yards. His talented receiver, Elmo Wright, made six catches for 170 yards. At Lexington, Coach John Ray was no longer talking about bowl trips for his Kentucky Wildcats after their 35-6 loss to Utah State. Tony Adams, the Aggies' sophomore quarterback, threw three TD passes and ran for another.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (2-2)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (4-1)
3. PITTSBURGH (3-1)

After West Virginia rolled to easy victories in its first three games Coach Bobby Bowden said, "Now it's time to worry about Indiana and Penn State." He forgot to mention Duke, who was sandwiched in between, and every coach who ever tooted a whistle knows what happens when you don't play 'em one at a time. So, sure enough, it was Duke 21, West Virginia 13, and afterward Duke Fullback Steve Jones allowed himself a small grin. "They didn't think very much of us before the game," said Jones. "I guess that's changed now."

What changed most was Duke's attack. Normally it consists of Quarterback Leo Hart's passes. Against West Virginia, however, on rain-soaked artificial turf, Hart passed only 10 times, a career low. While the Blue Devils did instead was run and slide a lot. Wah Jones gained 98 yards and a fellow sophomore, Billy Thompson, puffed up 93 more, the Blue Devils out-gained West Virginia's backs 236 yards to 212. "We worked all week to stop Hart's passing," said Bowden, "so they crossed us up by running the ball down our throats."

Surprises and strategy also played a decisive role in Penn State's 28-3 victory over previously unbeaten Boston College. During practice the Lions' coach, Joe Paterno, put in a new play—the Eagle Special—designed to block a kick. It worked in the third quarter when Linebacker Gary Gray crashed through the Eagles and got his hands in front of a punt. Another linebacker, Jack Hain, picked up the loose ball and a convoy of blockers at the BC 42, and ran down the left sideline for his first college touchdown. That gave Penn State a 14-3 lead and helped the Nittany Lions end their losing streak at two. "This was our best overall game," said Paterno. "BC is a better team than either

continued



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

"I never worried a bit. If Tony missed with the tranquilizer, I could always shoot him with the camera."

1 A bull elephant is 10 feet tall, weighs 8 tons, and charges at 25 miles an hour. It is the strongest, smartest, and perhaps most dangerous of all game. Yet it is in danger of extinction. As students of conservation, Tony Parkinson

and his wife Thelma wanted to study the movements of elephants. To do so requires immobilizing, or "darting." After checking with the East African Wildlife Society, they and a veterinarian set out on their biological safari.



2 "For two days we looked all over Voi for elephants," says Thelma. "Finally we spotted some coming out of Tsavo National Park heading into the saval plants for food. Circling downwind, Tony fired the dart at a lone bull just as the bull began to charge. We dove into the Land Cruiser, leaving him in our dust, then waited until the M59 tranquilizer put him to sleep."



3 "Quickly I helped Tony, the veterinarian, and Sgt. Momyoki, of the Kenya Game Department as they took blood samples, marked the ear, and inserted a recording gauge. All that was left was to inject the antidote and get out fast.

4 "It sure sounded good when we told our friends at the Voi Safari Lodge about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Canadian Club. Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that is "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



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It's no toy. Even if you wanted to, you couldn't license it for running around on the street. With big-bike design and spark arrester exhaust it's a real off-road machine, Federal Forestry approved. A 60 cc rotary valve engine combines with a 4-speed constant mesh gearbox to give the kind of performance you wouldn't expect from an ordinary mini. And Autolube oil injection system is an unexpected

bit of sophistication that insures perfect lubrication at all rpm. There's a full double-loop cradle frame, big Enduro front forks and a full swing-arm rear suspension that give it super handling.

Best of all, it's designed with safety in mind. Full one-piece handlebars won't fold or shift when the going is tough. The big drum brakes, front and rear, are sealed to keep them waterproof and dustproof. There's even a special kill button to use for emergency stops.

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Colorado or Wisconsin, both of which defeated us."

The Eagle offense was a perfect match for the weather—foggy—and the Penn State defense tied a school record by intercepting seven passes, six of them off BC's top quarterback, Frank (Red) Harris. Of some cheer to BC, however, was the performance of fullback Fred Willis. Although he was sick with a virus all week and on a liquid diet, Willis rushed 27 times for 110 yards and caught three passes for 31. "Willis is quite a ballcarrier," said Paterno. "The best we've faced."

Penn State's foe this week, Syracuse, defeated Maryland 23-7 for its first victory of the year. Once more a heavy police guard surrounded Archbold Stadium, but the heat of the controversy involving Coach Ben Schwartzwalder, the school administration and eight deposed black players seemed to be waning. Only 10 students showed up to picket. Marty Januskiwicz scored all three TDs for the winners. Afterward one of the Syracuse tri-captains, Paul Paolillo, held up the game ball and said: "We haven't had the luxury of one of these this year, and there's only one person who deserves it. The coach

stock by us all the way: it's for him."

Pittsburgh, apparently, is for real. The Panthers slipped past Navy 10-8 and will shoot for their fourth straight victory this week against West Virginia. Cornell Tailback Ed Marinaro, the nation's leading rusher, gained 190 yards in 35 carries as Cornell beat Penn 32-31. Marinaro, a 230-pound junior, scored two TDs on runs of 36 and one yard. For the first time in nine years Columbia beat Harvard. The score, 28-21.

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (3-0)
2. NEBRASKA (4-D-1)
3. NOTRE DAME (4-D)

It was not a good weekend for Missouri. The Tigers not only lost to Nebraska 21-7, their second setback, but also lost Tailback Joe Moore for this week's game with Notre Dame—and perhaps for the remainder of the season. Before the Nebraska clash, Moore was one of the country's top rushers

with 604 yards in four games. In the first quarter he suffered a shoulder separation when Cornhusker Dave Walline broke through the line and nuzzled him with a clean, hard tackle.

Without Moore the Missouri offense was moribund, although the defense was still dangerous. The Tigers got a touchdown after Lorenzo Brinkley returned an intercepted pass to the Nebraska one. Going into the final quarter, the score was 7-7. But then the Huskers' Joe Orduna set up a TD with a 41-yard run from scrimmage. The finishing touch was sophomore Johnny Rodgers' 46-yard punt return. "Nebraska did what they do best," said Missouri Coach Dan Devine. "When they got the ball they stuck it to us." Devine was not much cheered by the news out of South Bend. Notre Dame, which Missouri plays next, wallowed Army 51-10, the most points ever scored on a West Point team. The big achievers for the Irish were Quarterback Joe Theismann (19 of 29 passes for 277 yards, three TDs) and his favorite receiver, Tom Gateswood (eight catches for 136 yards, one TD).

In the Prohibition Bowl in Manhattan, Kansas beat Kansas State 21-15. Earlier in

continued

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the week the Big Eight had punished both schools. Kansas State was put on probation for three years (in which it may play no bowl games) because of recruiting violations. Kansas received a two-year probation in all sports for similar transgressions. Kansas won mainly because K-State and Quarterback Lynn Dickey failed to capitalize on four scoring opportunities late in the game. The Wildcats were stopped twice by interceptions, once by a fumble and once by a penalty that nullified a touchdown. In another Big Eight game Cliff Branch scored twice on long punt returns and Colorado recovered from its upset loss to K-State by routing Iowa State 61-10.

In the Big Ten, Ohio State and Michigan moved toward their end-of-season showdown with easy wins. The Buckeyes went to East Lansing and beat Michigan State 29-0—the same score by which Notre Dame had beaten the Spartans the previous week. “They’re obviously even,” said State Coach Duffy Daugherty. “I suppose I’d have to vote one of them No. 1 and the other I-A.” The comparisons with Notre Dame may have stimulated Buckeye Coach Woody Hayes to try some overkill. Late in the game the Buckeye quarterbacks, Rex Kern and Ron Masejowski, were passing on first down in an effort to put more points on the scoreboard. Kern was hindered by a stiff shoulder, but Masejowski came off the bench to engineer three TD drives in the last half. The Buckeyes’ fullback, John Brockington, had one of his finest days, with 126 yards and two TDs.

In Lafayette, Ind., the score also was 29-0 as Michigan defeated Purdue. The Wolver-

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE LINEMAN: Linebacker Jeff Serron led Stanford's defense in the 24-14 upset of previously unbeaten Southern California. Serron, 6' 2" and 220 pounds, made seven unassisted tackles and helped in eight more.

THE BACK: Quarterback Pat Sullivan of Auburn engineered four straight touchdown drives early in the game to start the Tigers in a 44-0 victory over Clemson. Sullivan, a junior, passed for one touchdown and plunged for two more.

ines' hero was Quarterback Don Moorhead, who had not fully recovered from a case of flu. Against the Boilermakers he was superb, driving his team to 23 points in the last quarter despite a strong passrush by Purdue Tackles Ron Marek (6' 6", 275 pounds) and Alex Davis (6' 5", 270). “They’re giants,” said Moorhead. “One time Marek came at me and he looked 18 feet tall, somehow, I passed right between his arms.” **END**

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Little Joe on the big Red Mile

Joe O'Brien went to the Lexington Trots with a handful of his own horses and set the Grand Circuit on its ear with his catch drives

For years the Red Mile track in Lexington, Ky. has been harness racing's answer to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway. The track's first two-minute miles were trotted in 1903 (one of them by the famous Dan Patch), and ever since the Red Mile has been advertised with ample reason as the "world's fastest harness track." Oldtime Kentucky horsemen need little encouragement to begin taking off the long list of records that have been set on the track's red-clay surface. Greyhound's 1938 clocking of 1:55½, for example, endured as the world's speediest trotting mile until Neville Pride beat it last year at Indianapolis. And Bret Hanover's 1966 pace in 1:53½, still is the fastest ever. Extraordinary feats have come to be taken for granted at the Red Mile, but even the most jaded horseman had to be impressed with what little Joe O'Brien accomplished

there last week during the annual Grand Circuit meeting.

O'Brien, of course, has long been one of the sport's premier trainers and drivers, and his consummate horsemanship was never more obvious than it was at Lexington. In nine days he beat harness racing's standard of excellence, the two-minute mile, a total of 10 times, boosting his alltime record for such performances to 133 (next to him is Frank Ervin with 108). Moreover, O'Brien astounded everyone by driving a relatively unknown 3-year-old pacer, Steady Star, to a time-trial clocking of 1:54—third fastest in the history of the sport. Finally, on Friday, Joe got into the sulky behind a 15-40-1 shot named Paris Air and almost stole the third jewel in trotting's Triple Crown, the \$76,000 Kentucky Futurity, a heat-racing classic that goes back to 1893 and has the distinc-

tion of being the sport's oldest major stakes race.

Friday was overcast and windy in Lexington, and a steady rain the previous day had left the Red Mile in less than perfect condition. Before the race the solid favorite was Hambletonian winner Timothy T., owned by John Simpson Sr. and driven by his son John Jr. (Timmy's sire, Ayres, won both the Hambo and Kentucky Futurity for John Sr. in 1964). Also given a chance were Jimmy Arthur's Formal Notice, runner-up in the Hambo, and Billy Haughton's Gil Hanover, a star-crossed colt who finally seemed to be coming around after a long summer of illness.

Nobody, not even Joe O'Brien, gave Paris Air much of a chance—"He just can't trot quick enough," said O'Brien before the race—and that was a serious oversight. At day's end the winner was the favorite, Timothy T., but most of the fans left the Red Mile talking about Paris Air. He won the first heat and was runner-up overall. Afterward a friend walked up to congratulate O'Brien in the paddock.

"Well, Joe," he said, "it looks like your horse was second best today."

"I don't know if he was second best," said O'Brien, his eyes twinkling, "but he got second money, didn't he?"

Like most horsemen, O'Brien looks forward to racing at the Red Mile. The competition is keen and there is always the chance to set some records. This year O'Brien came to Lexington with only seven of the 50 or so horses that he races all around the U.S., Canada and Europe, but he still had trouble finding time to care for those few. He has a reputation for getting the most out of a horse, particularly young horses, so ambitious owners and trainers literally swamp him with requests either to catch-drive their horses in races or to drive them in time trials.

"Time trials are mainly for breeding purposes," said O'Brien. "The owners want their horses to get the best record possible, because that will increase their breeding fees later on. I'm not much for going in time trials with my own horses, but I will do it for other people. I guess I drove more of them this week than I ever have before."

Whether in time trials or in races, O'Brien was the hottest driver on the grounds. He won four heats, all in two minutes or better, with Ambro Kerry,

continued



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his fine 3-year-old filly. In his first trip behind Desert Wind, a promising 2-year-old trotting filly owned by Hambletonian boss Bill Hayes, O'Brien won impressively in 1:59½. His week's high point came Wednesday, when he had four two-minute drives on the same day (one in a race, three in time trials), including his record-setting trip behind Steady Star.

The property of the Dave Brown estate, Steady Star (by Steady Beau out of Avaray) brought only \$4,900 at the 1968 Tattersalls yearling sale. This year he had raced well, if not spectacularly, around the Chicago area and was fourth twice and fifth in three heats of the Little Brown Jug in Delaware, Ohio. In his time trial, he broke Bert Hanover's world 3-year-old pacing record of 1:55. The fractions were :28½, :56 and 1:25, and afterward the usually taciturn O'Brien was as surprised as anyone.

"He's quite a little pacer," said Joe. "He has the speed to go with the best. I thought he could go in around 1:56, even though it was not a good day. There was a little breeze blowing. When he got to the half in :56, I decided to let him go instead of trying to give him a breather."

Could Steady Star have gone faster if the wind had not been blowing?

"No, sir," O'Brien said, laughing. "He went every bit that he possibly could."

If O'Brien had any disappointment in Lexington, it was probably about the state of his own best 2-year-olds. His top young pacing colt, Ambro Len, came up with some swelling in a front leg and had to be turned out for the year. And his most promising 2-year-old trotter, Frosted Yankee, was only fourth and second in the heats of the Walnut Hall Cup. "He might be a good enough horse for next year's Hambletonian," said O'Brien. "The best 2-year-old trotters so far have been Noble Gesture, Quick Pride and A.C.'s Orion, but my horse has beaten all of them at one time or another. He was sick here, though, and I probably shouldn't have raced him."

As for his colt in the Kentucky Futurity, O'Brien was catch-driving for a good friend, Howard Bessinger, who won last year's Triple Crown with Lindy's Pride. After Bessinger broke his ankle in a racing accident at Delaware, Ohio, one of his first visitors was O'Brien. Joe agreed to take over Paris

Air for Bessinger, even though the colt, with only three wins in 14 starts, did not figure to have much of a chance in the big events. Right away O'Brien drove Paris Air to victory in two heats at Delaware. And when the time came for the Futurity, he did not renege on his promise to Bessinger, even when offered the chance to drive the highly regarded Formal Notice.

On the track O'Brien's trademark is his driving style. He likes to stay back in the field, coolly saving his horse until the last possible moment, and then come roaring down the stretch, jiggling and bobbing around in his sulky in a total effort to get his horse out in front. Says Billy Haughton, one of the sport's finest horsemen and an O'Brien admirer: "You seldom see Joe on the lead. He saves ground and gets a lot out of his horses. And he doesn't use the whip as much as some do, either." Adds John Simpson Sr., "He's always waiting to sneak in there. You're not going to flush him out until he's ready. He saves a horse real good until the end."

His drives in the Futurity were vintage O'Brien. In the first heat Timothy T. got caught in a traffic jam in the first turn and jumped off stride. The race settled down to a duel between Formal Notice and Gil Hanover until midway through the stretch, when O'Brien came moving up quickly on the outside, bouncing around and stinging his colt's flanks with his whip. Formal Notice crossed the finish line first, but he also went off stride just before the wire. Paris Air was named the winner, with Formal Notice placed second.

"Hm-mm," said O'Brien later, rubbing his chin. "I'll be darned. That's one way to do it. I hate to win that way, but I'll take it."

The next two heats Timothy T. stayed out of trouble, returned to form and won easily. "He's just the best of this group," said O'Brien. Meanwhile, Paris Air finished third behind Formal Notice in the second heat, then beat Luther Hanover to finish second in the final heat. His showing was a direct reflection of O'Brien's skill.

On Saturday O'Brien flew to New York to drive his superb trotting mare, Fresh Yankee, in the \$21,250 Gallopone Trot at Yonkers Raceway. She won, by half a length, for her 17th victory of the season. It was a fitting end to a remarkable week.

END



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Victory-starved Lee Roy Yarborough outlasted faster rivals to win a big race for Mercury at Charlotte, N.C.

A fading hero strikes back

Curtis Turner always used to say, "When I die, I want a whole new party to start." It was one of his standard lines, along with "having a tap" and "chopping kindling," which referred to other things entirely. And it was not inappropriate that when Turner died on Oct. 4, in the crash of his twin-engine Aero Commander on a hillside in western Pennsylvania, the traveling NASCAR circus of which he had been a part was heading for Charlotte, N.C. and the racetrack Turner had completed 10 years before.

On Thursday many of his friends—people like Buck Baker and Tim Flock, both ex-drivers, mechanics Herb Nab and Glenn Wood, NASCAR President Bill France—flew to Roanoke, Va. to pay their final respects. There was a certain devastating sadness, of course, but it was tempered by the knowledge that Turner, as Lee Petty put it, "had crammed about 75 years of living into his 46." Tempered also by the retelling of the stories about the gentle, shaggy

bear of a man who had won over 350 races and had become a Southern legend long before he retired in 1968.

Junior Johnson, now the owner of Lee Roy Yarborough's car, recalled classic duels with Turner on the short-track dirt bullrings before the days of the super-speedways. Ronnie Householder, the head of Chrysler's racing program, remembered a time in the mid-'50s when Turner and the late Joe Weatherly flew their planes to a race at Elkhart Lake, Wis. After the race was over, Turner got in his plane, taxied down the track's main straightaway and took off.

"My God," said Little Joe. "I've got to go."

"Why?" Householder asked.

"Turner's got the compass."

The services were held in the Oakland Baptist Church in Roanoke, and Turner was buried in Blue Ridge Memorial Gardens. More than 50 floral wreaths surrounded the flag-draped casket (Turner was a Navy veteran). Some of the men cried.

In Charlotte pre-race preparations for the National 500 were shadowed both by the death of Turner and by what is becoming known as the annual NASCAR rules dispute. This year's version involves the Ford Motor Company, Chrysler to a lesser extent, and the subject of carburetors. More precisely, restrictive plates located inside the carburetors that limit the amount of airflow, thus reducing potential rpms and top speed of the cars.

Last August, in the interest of safety,

NASCAR made the restrictive plates mandatory and limited the opening to a diameter of 1¼ inches. Everybody agreed the idea was fine, in theory. At Daytona the factory-backed cars had been running at speeds of about 190 mph, and at the new track at Talladega, Ala. speeds were up to 195. Nearly all the drivers and car owners thought those speeds were too high. "If we're racing side by side," said Dodge's Bobby Allison, "the fan in his seat can't tell if we're going 200 or 180 down the chutes." Besides, slower speeds would mean less engine wear and, in turn, more cars running at the end of a race.

However, the Ford people came to believe that they were being penalized unfairly. According to Charlie Gray, Ford's stock-car racing coordinator, Ford's basic engine, the Boss 429, cannot run near peak efficiency until it is turning somewhat above 7,000 rpm. At the 1½-mile Charlotte track, for example, the Ford engines would put out between 7,100 and 7,300 rpm if they were not fitted with the carburetor devices. With the plates installed, rpms dropped down to between 6,600 and 6,800.

Last month at the Southern 500 in Darlington, S.C., Ford introduced a trick manifold that partly compensated for the carburetor problem. Ford's David Pearson sat on the pole and led a good portion of that race. Then Bill France banned the special manifold. The reason? "NASCAR doesn't need any reason," said an angry Junior Johnson. "They haven't got any rules."

Meanwhile, the Plymouth and Dodge drivers weren't exactly pleased with the carburetor restriction, either, although it seemed to affect them less, and the outspoken Householder said, "I think people are finally getting tired of having God spelled with a capital F."

But it must be remembered that stock-car racing is a cyclical business. After two years at the top, with Cale Yarborough in 1968 (four major wins) and Lee Roy Yarborough last season (seven superspeedway triumphs and \$188,605 in prize money), Ford slipped and Chrysler established a clear dominance. Besides the difference in engine performance caused by the carburetor plates, there were other reasons. The first was mechanical: the Dodge Daytona Chargers and Plymouth Superbirds, both with a wing that sits approximately 2½ feet above the rear deck, were aerodynam-

ically superior to the Fords and Mercurys. The second reason was that Richard Petty, after serving in the enemy camp last season, returned to Plymouth this year with all his old fire and his priceless fund of experience.

In the 14 major events held before the National 500, Petty Plymouths won six, three apiece by Richard and teammate Pete Hamilton. Dodges chipped in with three more victories for a total of nine. Ford managed just five wins, and yesterday's heroes Cale and Lee Roy accounted for just one of them—a victory by Cale in the Motor State 400 last June.

"Take that plate out and I'll gain a full second," said Lee Roy at Charlotte. "As it is we're about half a second behind the Chrysler cars."

That is pretty much what developed during practice. Dodge driver Charlie Glotzbach wound up on the pole with a 157.273 clocking. Behind him were Petty and Baker and, in another Dodge, Fred Lorenzen. As he predicted, Lee Roy

was half a second behind Glotzbach—in fifth place. In the final practice session on Saturday Baker upped his speed to an unofficial 157.987 mph and began to feel possessive about the winner's share of the \$145,000 purse.

In the early stages of the race all of Ford's gloomiest doubts were confirmed. First Glotzbach's purple Dodge, then Baker's crimson one, were in the lead, and then the twin Petty Plymouths took over and dominated the middle third. The Ford team was cut in half after just eight laps when Cale Yarborough's Mercury and David Pearson's Ford collided in the third turn and put each other out of the running.

In Lee Roy Yarborough's Mercury pits, Junior Johnson all but conceded defeat. "Lee Roy's got just one chance," Johnson said, "and that's for him to never back off. He's got to stand on it all the way."

Yarborough did. He was never lower than fifth, and the day's heavy attrition claimed Glotzbach, then Baker and final-

ly Hamilton and Petty. Lee Roy kept his white Cyclone barely in front of the rest of the field to win his first race of the season.

But he had to survive a wild finish to do it. With 18 laps—just over 25 miles—to go, Lee Roy was running third. He was behind a slow Dodge driven by Bobby Allison and a very gutsy one driven by Bobby Isaac. Allison led the first three of those final laps, then Isaac and Yarborough both blew past him. On the 323rd lap (of 334) Isaac, who was pulling away from Yarborough, scattered his engine in the first turn and retired.

Yarborough calmly took the checkered flag with the track under caution lights from a late accident, but no one even suggested that he had gained a cheap victory, least of all Lee Roy.

He was almost too exhausted to enjoy his triumph. "I drove all of those 334 laps like it was qualifying," he said. It was the kind of drive Curtis Turner would have enjoyed.

END

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Lift, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness

Skimming over the gentle landscape in the gondola of a balloon, shedding earthbound troubles like so much ballast, a young man has some thoughts to offer to the grounded

by HAROLD PETERSON





CONTINUED

What? That gig up there? That quiet fantasy drifting through those ice-cream clouds? Let me tell you a riff about it.

"It's a dream. My dream, but anybody else can have a piece. It's a giant, floating magic mushroom, an earthstar mushroom that grows on air and heat instead of cold and damp. When the sun has just gone down and the last light touches it, it's an enormous Japanese lantern suspended above the invisible land.

"It's a beautiful blue and yellow balloon, 50 feet high and 40 feet across. Every minute or so there's a jet-engine roar, and a five-foot-high blue flame illuminates the inside of the balloon, turning it translucent. Then it gets so silent you can hear the wind brush the balloon's skin. It sounds like wind against a sail.

"A helmeted man dangles from the balloon in a gondola. That's me," Link Baum.

"Link is my real name. Not Lincoln. Link. Maybe my parents knew that if they were inventive enough to name me that, I'd be imaginative enough to fly a balloon."

Link Baum's reality is the expensive suburban neighborhood of South Orange, N.J., where he grew up and where he stops off occasionally on his way to and from Colorado, Europe and points vertical. Link Baum, at age 22 the youngest man ever to cross the English Channel in a hot-air balloon. Link Baum, the first to convince the children of the Alpine village of Livigno that he was going to fly to the moon. Link Baum is his own reality.

Oh, granted, some feet-on-the-ground citizens might consider Baum a trifle unreal. Here's this kid with wiry, shiny copper hair grown long around a not unhandsome face. Long, low-set, meandering reddish eyebrows overhang long, narrow, rapidly moving eyes. Red sideburns curve close to the aquiline nose. The effect

is distinctive, but he does not leave it at that. He comes on in sandals and white terry-cloth tunic aswarm with orange, blue and green junebugs, bees, birds and flowers. A generous swath of chest hair shows between the face and the tunic.

Baum is not clean-cut. Like many of his contemporaries, he seems slightly blurred around the border, soft-edged, undefined. A generation that has seen the old goals of progress and ambition come apart, dissolving in their own excesses, regards few things as clear-cut. Some might see Baum as tenuous, drifting, amorphous. Like a cloud. A cloud is all of those things, but it is also very real, very important, with a substance and purpose of its own.

"Balloonning is like being your own cloud," Baum says. "Being your own cloud anytime you want. You can chase clouds... and catch them. You can stick your hand inside one and wish it around, feel the moisture. It's a sensation you don't quite get in an airplane."

Baum is aware that not everyone understands his priorities. "People ask me, 'What are you doing these days?' I say, 'Flying a balloon.' You can feel some of them wondering where your head is at."

It was one year ago that Baum began his flight of fancy. He was nearing graduation from Denver University. Looking through the classified ads in the *Denver Post* for a post-commencement used car, he let his eyes drift to the adjoining column, which happened to be Aviation. There, between the one-owner Cessnas, he encountered predestiny:

BALLOON, 1967 gold and blue Raven hot air, 2 gondolas, 1 racing and 1 two-man, only 18 hours. William Marion. Box 2443, Colo. Springs. 473-1038

"Something clicked, but it didn't click completely," Baum remembers. "All the way down to Colorado Springs to look at a balloon? I kept thinking, 'This is not the practical way to buy a car.'"

The balloon's owner turned out to be a 52-year-old man whose doctor (and possibly his wife) forbade excitement of the sort brought on by ballooning. Baum later learned that there were only 55 or 60 balloons in the United States at the time, and this was one of the few ever to be offered for resale anywhere.

Returning East for a couple of wedding parties, Baum kept getting asked what he had been up to recently. He kept answering, "I'm thinking of buying a balloon." Everybody laughed and marked him down as a droll fellow. The more they laughed, the more it agitated Baum. "If you want to do it," he thought, "why can't you do it?" He went back to Colorado and bought the balloon. To do it, he had to float loans from friends. (Here comes one of his friends. "Hey, Ralph, I need some heavy bread." "Sure, Link. I can help out a little." "Thanks." [Takes check.] "What are you using it for?" "Oh, well, uh...")



Baum is a self-taught balloonist. "My first gondola was a dustbin, like garbage can use," he says. "It was made of cardboard, and propane fuel tanks hung all over it. No one was around to teach me to fly. I put the thing together with bolts and wrenches and plastic glue. I practiced making burns [heating the air in the balloon to gain lift] with the balloon tethered to the ground by ropes and pulleys. I nearly jumped out of my skin the first time the burner roared. It's a fantastic roar, four million BTUs per hour."

"One day I just said, 'Here goes.' I cut loose and rose to about 2,300 feet. I could see my shadow on the flatland, running along up to Pikes Peak. I was waving to my shadow on the ground. I just can't express the feeling of being let loose, of floating along with the wind and the clouds. It fills you emotionally. It's the ultimate harmony."

"All of a sudden the burner went out. I couldn't get the thing relit, no matter how much I used my spark gun. The balloon just fell out of the sky."

"When it hit the ground, my head went right into the hot burners and my hair was singed off. Since then I've had fairly short hair. But I was laughing. Laughing. I couldn't stop laughing. I had thought I was going to plummet down like a rocket and go smash. Instead, I bounced. It was like a crazy dream, floating instead of falling. The land doesn't come up—wham—like it's been put on an elevator. It doesn't rise up and hit you. It just gently opens up and cradles you. Then the whole balloon, thousands of yards of it, comes right down over you, and you're inside the balloon for a couple of moments. Suddenly it bounces, and you're a hundred feet up in the air."

"Well, I got the burner relit and I went up again. I never wanted to come down. I wanted to stay up forever. After that, I couldn't ever be afraid of getting really hurt. I flew as much as I could."

"Let me tell you what a flight is like—

continued



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one of my first ones. I was taking off parallel to some trees. As I came over the treetops, about a hundred feet high, it was a very bright day—sunny, clear, blue. It was Indian summer, which in Colorado turns the grass a wheat yellow. The shadow cast down below was photograph clear. The ropes dangling from my gondola looked like the string on a child's balloon. I was going over a field. On the left I could see a road; on the right a fence, with a gully beyond it. I had eight or 10 miles in front of me before the next valley. It took me 20 minutes to come over the rise. It was like taking a walk, but with tremendously increased perspective.

"I could look at every part of what I was going over. I could see every detail. On my right was Pikes Peak. If I climbed higher I could see over the next hill; if I went lower I could see little valleys and gulches, dried-up riverbeds, cattle and horses. I could even pick out ground squirrels and field mice. The feeling was one of being so enmeshed with it all that I wasn't alone in the gondola at all. People ask me if I'm not afraid to be so alone. I'm so together with everything around me that I feel I can see the relationship of the land to animals, to man, to the sky and the sun. There is no loneliness or depression or fear. That's what it's like."

The experience turned Baum into a missionary for ballooning. He thinks everybody should have a balloon. "It would clear up their minds," he says. "Everyone feels so claustrophobic now. Kids buy cars so they can go around and around in circles, faster and faster. But they can't really go anywhere, partly because there are so many of them trying to go somewhere, anywhere."

"This exaggerated idea of revolution in young people's minds is caused by claustrophobia. Everybody is afraid of immobilization. It's all these stop signs. Stop this, stop that. Do this, do that. Don't go too fast. Don't go too slow. It's hard for people to find their own pace. Kids talk about powerful fascists out there somewhere. They can't see them, but they can imagine them. The fascists are the imagined people who keep up the pressure, keep all those people

buying and competing. They're the men who drop your job application in the same wastebasket with all the other job applications.

"It's like *Steppenwolf*: Get your motor running. Head out on the highway. Physical escape. Or drugs. I've tried drugs, but balloons are better than any kind of drug. Fantasy, dreams, hallucination can come with drugs, but people on dope don't want to work on their dreams. Work is very undreamlike. You have to hassle and get involved and aggravated. But you grow.

"I feel people's reaction of, 'C'mon, that's not reality, you're living in a fantasy.' Well, everybody needs dreams. Old people get their dreams destroyed pretty quickly. Kids have more chance. They can work on a dream and make it come closer to reality. Dreams only mean something if they come true.

"A disceothèque in Canada had a record that just went around and around and said, 'There's no way out. There's no way out. There's no way out. . . . Pretty soon you couldn't stand it. You had to leave that room. I can't pretend to say I've found a way out, but I've sure found a way up.'"

He pauses to pull at a cigarette. "Let my people go." That's my revolution," he says at last.

Baum insists that ballooning is the most practical way for most people to get their highs. "Where the motorized aviation trip is at its rules and regulations," he says. "Ballooning goes right around most of the regulations. It's completely uncomplicated. All you have to do is pull one little cord, the burner throttle. It's safe. It's cheap. Completely cold, the maximum rate of descent is 1,200 feet per minute, the same as a military parachute. And you could shoot a missile through the bottom half and the balloon would still have lift. The envelope, burners and gondola cost about \$3,000, and anybody can do almost all the maintenance himself. If you get a hole in the envelope, you just patch it with a sewing machine."

Baum's balloon trip has, within one year, gotten him high over half a hemisphere. He has had people halting strange things in the sky everywhere,

starting with Lookout Mountain outside Denver, on which he lived last year. The first time he flew from Lookout he canvassed the neighborhood at 6 in the morning for launching help. The inflating balloon, bobbing up and down, was seen for 20 miles. Some old coddler called up the proprietor of the little grocery store whose parking lot Baum was using and demanded, "Sam, what's that thing I see up on the mountain? Looks like a big watermelon." When Baum used his balloon to advertise a rock concert (to help pay back his friends), he stopped traffic for miles on the Valley Highway, Denver's main freeway.

One evening Baum decided to tether above a field atop Table Mountain mesa. Every car that came down the road stopped to look at this mammoth paper lantern in the sky. Pretty soon—wow-wow-wow—police cars started converging, lights flashing and sirens going.

"It was beautiful," Baum says. "There was just a tint of both moonlight and sunlight. The moon was exactly as bright as the sun. I had no consciousness of the ground below at all. But there got to be so many lights and sirens that I had to come down." When he did, there was a real farmer with a real shotgun, demanding to know what Baum was doing on his land. By the time Baum finished explaining, the farmer had taken him into his house, introduced him to his wife and daughters and implored him to come back and fly any time he wanted.

The mass euphoria Baum seemed to cause every time he went up started him thinking. "I began to realize that the objective was not only to fulfill my own dream, but to show people they can fulfill their dreams, too," he says. "There are so many barriers and bureaucracies that nobody thinks a dream can become reality anymore. But it can. And it's not the sky-diving attitude: 'I'll do it now because I'll be older soon, and I'll want to have done it.' It's just pure, simple, uncomplicated joy. I'd like to see adults put aside their toys that never work. Simplicity is good. It extends the imagination. In ballooning, for instance, you are not wrestling a machine. There is

continued

nothing mechanical about it. Even applying the flame is inexact, individual, an art. Like splashing paint on a canvas.

"The joy of just looking out, watching, visualizing, is the purest and simplest of all. You see an order in the land, even without man's tunneling and fanning every square acre of the earth. You're looking at constant change, but constant order."

Perhaps it was inevitable, but as soon as Baum got his balloon he began wanting to go around the world. Three months and five days after buying his hot-air bag, he was on a plane to London.

The flying gear got lost en route and had not yet arrived at Southampton when Baum got down to dockside, but British Customs officials were very helpful. They would be glad to find his parcel, they said. What did it look like?

"I think you'd notice it if it were here," Baum told them. "It's about as big as a room." And what is in it? "Well, a balloon, and . . ."

Baum moved quickly on to the London Balloon Club, headquartered at an airfield at Dunsstable Downs, Bedfordshire. From there a coterie of Phileas Fogg types reel around English country lanes in Morris Minors in pursuit of falling lighter-than-air men. After retrieval, everyone retires to the clubhouse bar to discuss the day's sticky thickets. "They have a very nice, very English deliberateness," Baum says. "You knock out your pipe against your shoe before dis-

ing anything. It rains, but you fly anyway. That's the weirdest sound: the pitter-patter-ping-ping of rain on a big hollow balloon. The rain runs down the balloon and sizzles when it hits the burner. Sometimes the burner goes out."

Baum moved on to France, where authorities at Calais regarded him and his balloon with unconcealed suspicion. Until a superior showed up next morning, Baum was quarantined. Baum got the idea he was considered armed and dangerous when he heard whisperings about atomic bombs.

Near a small town outside Paris, Baum met a Tunisian who became infected with a raging case of balloon fever. Nothing would do but that Baum—who was now moving his balloon around in a Land-Rover—and the Tunisian organize a launch. Picking up a bemused student hitchhiker and drafting a handy French farm family as crew, they set up operations backward of the family apple orchard.

"The French family kept laughing nervously as we filled the balloon with cold air, using a portable ground inflater," Baum recalls. "As the balloon tugged upward, they got more and more excited. They talked faster and faster. I turned on the burners. Puff! Hiss. Roar! They jumped straight up in the air, and then just let go and ran. The balloon nearly flew away. I was hanging onto the gondola and the Tunisian was pulling my pants down trying to keep me from taking off."

"We found the family all huddled together in the farmhouse. The Tunisian tried to convince them it was all right. They didn't believe him. We had to fold up the balloon and leave." The Tunisian cursed his luck in fluent, noncompetitive French all the way to Paris.

The Swiss, on the other hand, were not about to let any American kid punch holes in their reputation for stolidity and efficiency. Baum was deluged with questions from ordinary Swiss, most of whom wanted to know precisely how the balloon worked. The sole reaction of local magistrates was to inquire, ironically, whether Baum had insurance to fly the device. Insurance had never occurred to Baum. "I mean, if you're coming down

and someone's underneath, you can just yell, 'Look out!'" Baum says. "He'll have about five minutes to get out of the way." But he marched to the nearest insurance office, expecting to throw the proprietors into consternation. He was disappointed.

"The agent just pulled out a little book," Baum recalls. "He ran his finger down a page and said, 'Ah, yes. *Laft-balloon*. 25 francs.' Amazing."

Flying in Switzerland proved to be like hovering over a magnificently animated miniature scene. "I flew over one small village in a valley," Baum says, "that was just the size of an HO train set. There was a tower with a clock that chimed the hour. I listened to the tiny, windblown sound of the chimes from a thousand feet above. It gave a whole new dimension to the senses."

Italians went straight bananas over the balloon. Cars following Baum's strangely loaded Land-Rover on the autostrada would drive nearly into his rear bumper trying to figure out his bizarre cargo. They would pull alongside for a moment so that all the grandmothers, aunts, uncles and children could study him. Finally the driver would move ahead, imperiously wave Baum to the side of the road, and the interrogation would begin. Sportscars would blast past at 100 mph going in the opposite direction. Suddenly: screeeeech (grand, shift, shift), vroomom, and Baum had another spectator.

"You have to realize that the balloon looked exactly like a rocket," Baum says. "The envelope was rolled into a blue-and-yellow-striped cylinder, and the burners stuck out behind. I'd come out of restaurants and find a crowd rubbing dust off the windows to look in the Rover. They could never believe it belonged to me. They were expecting somebody with a crew cut in a space helmet."

And then there was Livigno. Livigno, Italy is a remote village high in the Alps, a row of primitive wooden cabins lining one muddy street. "*Piccolo Tibet*, they call it," says Baum. "Little Tibet. A road was built to Livigno only eight years ago. Before that, everyone came by packhorse. I drove in with my bal-



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loon on top of my Rover. All the shutters opened. Women washing clothes stopped and stared. Kids on bicycles nearly fell off trying to turn around fast. I got out and went into bar after bar—that's what they have in small Italian towns, bars. *'Parla inglese?'* No one spoke English. Except, finally, Massimo, a teacher at the school. When I told Massimo—who was from Rome and could appreciate the irony—that I wanted to live in Livigno and fly my balloon there he just started laughing. We both sat down on the school steps and laughed and laughed."

The first thing this crazy red-haired foreigner did in Livigno was let loose a flock of small balloons that circled around the valley for hours. Then, on Sunday, just as everyone was coming out of church, Baum made his first ascent, helped by villagers still dressed in their stiff black Sunday best. By the time he had finished three circuits of the valley in Livigno's conical wind—ideal for ballooning—he was the district's all-time celebrity and hero. Forever after, he would be simply *Signor Pallone*, or the Balloon Man. Occasionally, he admits, he was also *il Pozzo Montepiffero*, the Mad Balloonist.

The children of Livigno were particularly mesmerized. Whenever Baum prepared to fly his balloon, covets of mop-pets would materialize. "Where are you going, Signor Pallone?"

"*Al luna.*"

"*Al luna? Al luna!*" A gabble of voices would repeat and savor the idea as it rippled to the outer edge of the crowd. Once the implausible reality of the balloon and its presence in Livigno had been absorbed, it took no extra imagination to believe that the mad American was going to the moon.

The police, who could have caused trouble, were equally enchanted with the balloon, particularly since Baum gave them recognition by periodically stopping by to have a cup of *cappuccino*. "I think it allowed them to think of themselves as the Space Police," Baum says.

Eventually, Livigno became almost blasé about the balloon. The townspeople decided that Baum had appeared provisionally and expressly for their en-

tertainment, not to mention the greater glory of Livigno. Where else would one go to fly a balloon? Sometime later Aristotle Onassis landed his helicopter in Livigno. Rumor has it that Onassis was disappointed by the villagers' unwarmed reaction. Livigno had already seen it all: "Yes, the helicopter is nice, but we had a balloon this winter." When Baum packed up his balloon and took it off to Mirandola to have a new gondola made, the villagers were tacitly reproachful. Their toy was being taken away. Their unique civic attraction was being relocated.

But Baum had a good reason. He had found an Italian ski-gondola manufacturer willing to build a prototype of an enclosed, floatable aluminum gondola. Baum's design protects the balloonist from freezing, drowning (a very real hazard which has taken lives when balloons fell into water) and surface impact, and he believes it will prove a major boon to ballooning.

Baum's worst scrape came when he stopped to fly in Switzerland on his way back to England. Capricious winds forced him to land high in the Alps, far above the timberline. The temperature was 35° below zero. No road ran anywhere near. But, fortunately, Baum came down not too far from a small hut. The hut owner arrived at Baum's chosen snowdrift almost before the balloon did.

"That's the nice thing about ballooning," Baum says. "No matter where you come down, someone follows you. It's like picking out an empty spot at the beach. Before you know it someone shows up. But that family couldn't believe me. Everyone sat at the table and just gazed. They could hardly talk. Maybe they were trying too hard to imagine what kind of idiot I was."

Baum continued north, and now he had a new goal, to fly his balloon over the English Channel. There is something about the Channel. If a man crossed it in a squirrel-powered Erie Canal boat, people would perceive lasting significance in it. Why did Baum balloon across the Channel? To show he wasn't chicken? No. Because it wasn't as greasy as swimming.

Actually, Baum probably was attract-

ed to the Channel crossing by its lyric possibilities. One of the people he told about his trip beforehand was a British balloonist, Malcolm Brighton, who lived near Blackbushe Airfield in Hampshire.

"I went around his office," Baum recalls. "The walls were covered with balloon pictures. When he introduced himself I was really surprised. He looked like a college Joe. He was supposed to be one of the world's best balloonists. Wow!"

"I told him about my plan to cross the Channel, and he told me about his flights and his attempt to cross the Irish Sea. Then he got on the phone and started calling the right people to make my flight come off."

"Finally, he invited me to his home and I had dinner with his family. His house was filled with trophies, plus all kinds of silver saucers and plaques. Driving back to London that night, I really felt great. I mean, I wasn't the only nut in the world." It was their last meeting. Four weeks ago Malcolm Brighton and Rodney and Pamela Anderson were lost in the North Atlantic attempting to cross from the United States to France in a combined hot-air and helium balloon that they had named *Free Life*.

Baum thinks he understands what drove Brighton to attempt a trip that many viewed as reckless. "The feeling of crossing an ocean or channel like a cloud, at the mercy of all the elements, and seeing land getting closer and finally skimming the last few hundred yards, is unique. That feeling is what he was after. People still say the idea was crazy, but it wasn't. He wasn't, and the Andersons weren't. They were trying to find the free life."

With some of the basic problems connected with his proposed Channel flight out of the way, Baum turned to money matters. Needing \$850, he did what anyone who owned a balloon and was short of money would do: he phoned Mick Jagger of the Rolling Stones and asked him to sponsor the flight. Jagger invited Baum down to his estate, Star Groves, to discuss it. After short exposure to Baum, the Stones were persuaded that ballooning across to France was a groovy trip. Jagger broke out some bread.

continued

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As he left London for Dover on April 14, Baum felt an intense excitement—about as much as anyone might feel who was about to cross the Channel on nothing but hot air. This was the acid test. British newspapers and television caught the excitement. It was the time of the imperiled Apollo 13 moon flight, and Britons seemed to sense both the parallel and the contrast between the two adventures. An English balloonist, Mark Westwood, joined Baum for the trip.

The weather, with a keen sense of drama, cooperated. It was bad in the classic English fashion: overcast, fog, mist, drizzle and rain. Five days after finishing elaborate preparations, Baum and Westwood were still waiting. The rescue boats and the volunteers to drive them had redispersed all over England. The media had gotten bored. Rented and borrowed equipment was due to be returned, hard-to-get insurance was expiring and cash was low. The air controllers, coast guard and Royal Air Force were getting tired of warning all aircraft and ships at sea to look for a blue and yellow balloon.

Early Sunday morning, April 19. Just like D-Day. Weather improves momentarily, although thunderstorms are closing in. Wind is right, Baum says, "We go." He calls the Rolling Stones, waking them all up. A couple of last-minute details have been overlooked. Nobody told British Customs that the balloonists were leaving, and passports have to be stamped. The only thing worse than explaining to a British civil servant that, yes, you are leaving the country in a balloon is explaining to a French Customs man that, yes, you have arrived in his country in a balloon—and without proper papers.

Also, the flotation ring had not been filled. Try to imagine dashing into a small Kentish petrol station with a 14-foot rubber doughnut on a Sunday morning and yelling, "Quick, quick, I've got to fill this with your air hose because I need it to fly across the Channel." The attendant, as it happened, was a woman. She refused, and wouldn't even let Baum use the hand pump.

Eventually Baum and Westwood got everything assembled and made ready

continued



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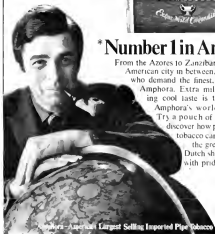
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LIFT, LIBERTY (continued)

to venture out over a notorious stretch of water, in the face of a lightning storm, under a buoyant bubble that was dependent on five hours of extinguishable flame. They waited for a pause in the wind, otherwise the incoming sea breeze would dash the balloon against the famous 300-foot white cliffs. Then Baum burned at full throttle for eight seconds. The balloon rose rapidly to 3,200 feet, drifting inland over the flat green Kent countryside in the breeze and trailing a banner reading HUMILITY ("because there's so little of it around"). A cheer came from 300 Britons hastily assembled below. The burner roared for five more seconds, the balloonists lifted to 4,000 feet, and the prevailing northwesterly nudged them toward Calais. Excerpts from Baum's notes describe what happened next.

"The whole Channel is lit up like a giant silver river. It's the English coastline now that has become a faint hazy outline. Ships pass below us, tugs and tankers headed for Ostend, car ferries between Dover and Calais, each ship like a small toy spreading its shimmering wake a mile long.

"Dark clouds have been following us for 20 minutes. It's the thunderstorm predicted this morning. The altimeter reads 4,800 feet. 5,000 is the maximum we have been cleared for. White flakes of snow are falling, landing on the black wet suits we're wearing. The gauge on the main cylinder shows 5"; of the propane left Mark says, 'We haven't moved at all in the last 15 minutes.' We drop to 2,000, without success. The clouds in back look like a tidal wave in the sky. We are only four miles from land. Straight ahead is the town of Wissant, the sun lighting up the tiny houses. Mark and I are a little scared, listening to our own hearts in the quietness. We decide to radio Calais, give them our position, and have a boat ready if we can't make it. We have only two choices. One is to try and climb and hope to gain the same speed as the storm. If we do, we risk being caught up by the storm, and it would probably rush air into the balloon and shoot us up, up, up, maybe to come out at 20,000 feet, where we could not breathe. The

other choice is to come down just above the water and skim across on a sea breeze. If we get too close, the cold air might well pull us into the water. We decide on the latter, because of the darkness. The water is coming up fast, 1,000 feet per minute, waves with whitecaps. Mark levels off at 400 feet, and we can see a red light flashing through Wissant, straight up the main street, heading for the beach. We are skimming along the water. Three hundred feet, 200 feet, 150 feet high. We see people on the beach running. A gust of wind comes over the water, taking us in at 15 to 20 knots. Touch down. Mark and I are a little shaken by the landing, but we're both so happy we don't really notice. Eight seconds after we land the sky bursts open, as though it couldn't keep in one more drop. God, the rain! Thunder, lightning, everything. God, it is raining."

The press crowded in to take photographs and ask questions. Then they went away. Baum and Westwood were left alone.

Link remembers lying on his back looking at the ceiling in his hotel room that night and thinking about his 4½-hour flight. "I told myself that no one would ever put on any parades for me. But I remembered the feeling of great release just as the balloon first lifted. That sense of being let loose, being free of any claustrophobia, was more intense than any other time, partly because so many people were watching—all those eyes that were now too little for us to see, but the balloon was plenty big enough. I had floated into the dream I had made come true."

Since that night Baum has retired into complete obscurity—except that George Plimpton wants him to make a movie, young people camp on his lawn, accidents occur in front of his house as drivers gawk at his flying apparatus, his new employer (Plein Realty Company) wants him to fly the balloon for publicity, people want him to manufacture gondolas, and... well, things like what happened the other day. Baum picked up the phone. It was Yippie headquarters in Chicago. They wanted him to start a Yippie Air Force.

Baum declined.

END

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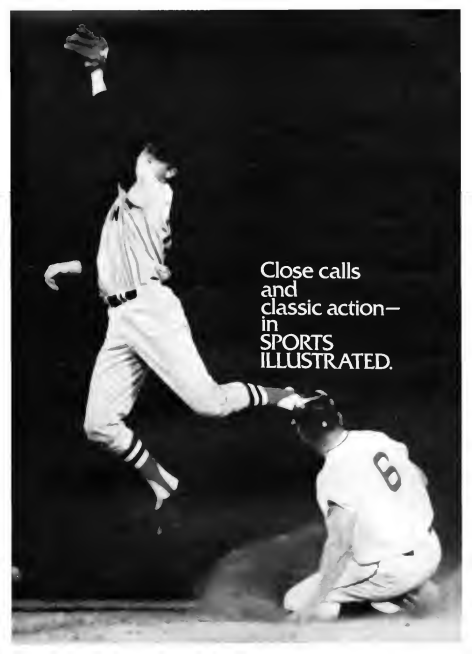
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

EASTERN DOWNFALL

Sirs:

Granted that Penn State was beaten by a highly inspired and extremely fine Colorado squad *12 or Easterners, Prospering Does it Put Off*, Oct. 5). But for the past three years Penn State has a 5-1 record in games played against teams from the Big Eight Conference, which many now claim to have been the best in the nation during this period. Included are two straight Orange Bowl victories over the best of the Big Eight. Yet there always seemed to be excuses for the victims and never praise for the winner.

DAVID W. BENNER

Willow Grove, Pa.

Sirs:

At last! After three major bowl appearances, a coach-of-the-year award, seeds of All-Americas and top draft selections and 31 games without a defeat, Penn State was beaten by the Colorado Buffaloes, who promptly claimed to be No. 1. And well they might. After all, they spared pollsters from the embarrassment of explaining how it is possible that an Eastern team can remain undefeated for more than two years without ever being named No. 1! Can anyone in his right mind imagine a like situation for such non-Eastern powers as Ohio State, Texas, Michigan, Missouri or Colorado?

ROBERT J. DOOLITTLE

Milwaukee

Sirs:

It continues to amaze me how nearly every other area of the country has established college football conferences while all the big names of the East remain stubbornly independent. I propose the formation of at least one new conference in the East, to be called the Big Seven. It would include Penn State, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Army, Navy, Boston College and West Virginia. In many cases these teams play each other annually anyway, so what could the athletic directors of these schools possibly have against such a setup? Only six conference games would be required, leaving four games open for teams from other areas, old rivals, etc.

Such a setup would only strengthen Eastern football. Just think: maybe someday the Army-Navy game could be for a conference title.

GARY G. BRUSH

Matawan, N.J.

HOPPE FOR PHILADELPHIA

Sirs:

What you said about the Eagles (*Greatest Heavy in Their Aerie*, Oct. 5) was totally unfair. You did a good job of listing

their faults and failed to mention their good points, which are many. For the title being they may not look very good, but in a year or two I plan to look for the Eagles at the top of their division.

R. KAUFMAN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

A local ad executive coined the phrase "Philadelphia isn't as bad as Philadelphians say it is." Well, neither are the Eagles. But a few more Gary Pettengrews who are unwilling to graciously accept defeat would be an asset not only to the Eagles but also to Philadelphia.

SALLY KAHN

Philadelphia

Sirs:

The Philadelphia Eagles? Who knows. If the Mets could do it, anybody can.

DOUG WALTERS

Concord, Calif.

MONTREAL'S TURN

My compliments on a refreshingly unbiased article concerning Montreal Mayor Jean Drapeau (*Rise It up the Flagpole, Joliner*, Sept. 28). Frank Deford has done a superb job of analyzing the man who has done more to put Canada into the sporting limelight than even Bobby Orr.

LOUIS BOLO

Smiths Falls, Ontario

Sirs:

Thank you for your article on Montreal and M. Drapeau. Any story on Canada or Canadians is much appreciated. However, please advise Frank Walker of *The Montreal Star* that I would rather live in dignity and pleasure in Toronto than be able only to "sit down" in dignified and pleasant surroundings, as in Montreal.

KELTH PALMER

Brampton, Ontario

Sirs:

Perhaps Novelist Hugh MacLennan said it best: "Hamlet could never succeed in Montreal nor could he be taken seriously, but Falstaff could become the Mayor."

DON MCCORMICK

Ottawa

Sirs:

Thanks very much for the story on Jean Drapeau. Montreal and, consequently, Canada are finally getting the recognition they deserve. I was particularly annoyed, though, to read that Montreal was one of the three best places in the major leagues to

watch a baseball game. It is the best place to watch major league baseball. It's got the best atmosphere, by far, and I dare any bum from Fenway Park or Wrigley Field to defy me.

DENNY HUDON

Ottawa

FULL CUP

Carleton Mitchell did one whole of a fine job in his article on the America's Cup races (*No Cup for the Lady*, Oct. 5). He not only captured the excitement of this very exciting challenge, but he put into perfect perspective the whole matter of the protest.

I'm particularly glad to have a magazine of SE's stature and circulation setting the record straight. Of course, all of the yachting magazines will present the facts, but the general public still feels that *Gretel* was robbed. Much's article, enhanced by your pectoral treatment, will go far in educating them.

ROBERT N. BASKER JR.
Executive Vice-President,
Yachting

New York City

A KING'S FAIRWAY

Sirs:

Having just returned from Morocco, I especially enjoyed Dan Jenkins' article, *Where a Golf War Is King* (Sept. 28). He certainly captured much of the flavor and warmth of this beautiful country, and I'm sure he caused many a reader to dream of tee-off time in Marrakesh. I can't think of a lovelier place to watch your golf "go away."

MARY PRENDERGAST

Chicago

ROLLING HOME

Sirs:

My congratulations to Frank Deford for his superb article on the Roller Derby (*Don't Tell Your Friends Who Won the Series*, Oct. 5). He showed a side of the sport few people realize is there—namely, the pure entertainment of the game itself. I agree with Joan Weston that the World Series gives the fan the best chance to see really great skating.

Although this sport has been around for 35 years, it is just coming into its own.

S. PETERS

Elizabethton, Tenn.

HARDSHIP CASES (CONT.)

Sirs:

As a fan of sports in general, I would like to make a suggestion as to what may be a solution concerning the signing by the pros of undergraduate college basketball players like Spencer Haywood and Ralph Simpson.

continued



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19TH HOLE: FOREWORD

(SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Sept. 28) The NBA and ABA could set up a system whereby players in their junior and senior years who are considered possible pro-draft material and who are hardship cases would be eligible for loans from the pro leagues.

An agreement between the player and league could specify that if the player fulfills his expected potential, is drafted and signed, he would repay at least 70%, to 80%, of the loan (70%, or 80%, would be fair because the player would be revenue for the league as a performer). If a prospect is not drafted he would be obligated to repay only 25%, to 50%, of the loan. And a player who decides not to play pro ball even though drafted would repay the full loan.

This kind of system would protect American sports from embarrassment and courtrooms. It would also increase respect for the college player's education. Who knows how far Hayward's college career would have gone if he hadn't signed. Sure, \$250,000 is tempting, but look at Lew Alcindor's record at UCLA and his postgraduate \$14 million contract.

HOWARD CLARK

Hsu/Taylor

SUMMARY

Sams

I had planned on writing to ask you why there had been no article on the very fast-growing and popular sport, sky diving. I read Robert C. Grover's article, *Mr. Life and Death Times in Horrors* (Oct. 5). But I am still disappointed. This fellow you featured made his first mistake when he found out that his jump zone was not recognized by the U.S. Parachute Association (formerly the Parachute Club of America). If he had located a proper jump club he would not have landed near a pond or in the high wires, because there would not have been any around. The USA enforces very strict safety rules covering all phases of sky diving. Besides that, Mr. Grover is not a sky diver since he made only 12 jumps—not enough to qualify him to make a 40-second free fall before opening his chute. That free fall is what sky diving is all about.

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Sire

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on sky diving. Mr. Gower's description of a first parachute jump was, in my opinion, absolutely perfect.

PATRICK WATSON

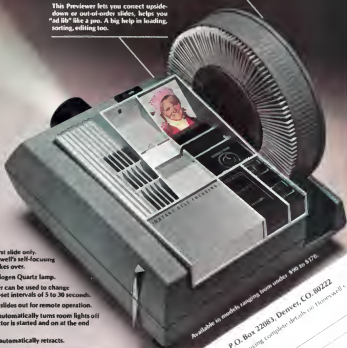
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